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CKLEY ON BITBURG
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NATIONAL REVIEW

HITLER, STALIN —Superkillers

EUGENE H. METHVIN

THE UNITED NATIONS —Superbomb

TOM BETHELL

Francis Russell: Notes at the End of World War II
Donald Coxe on Canada's Neo-Nazis
ALSO: *Reid Buckley, Aram Bakshian*

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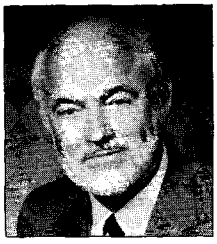
NATIONAL REVIEW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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Market Morals

At an airport newsstand last week I had to wade through the usual mountain of porn rags to get to a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. At a time when the decent seems to get buried underneath the scurrilous, it was wonderful to read Marlo Lewis's illuminating appraisal of the moral theories of F. A. Hayek ["The Achilles Heel of F. A. Hayek," May 17]. I have long noticed the widespread belief, especially in the business community, that a system of morals is like an assembly-line technique—its goodness is determined by its ability to survive in the marketplace.

Now Lewis tells us that this crass idea gained intellectual credibility through the writings of F. A. Hayek. By refuting Hayek, Lewis reaffirmed my faith in man's power to elevate and not merely adapt to the world. Lewis instructs us that our immutable laws stand above the laws of economics. More than that, the marketplace depends on natural moral laws; the author of *The Wealth of Nations* was, after all, also the author of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. Magazine dealers should learn, and I'm tempted to go back and tell the guy in the airport, that pornography may survive better in the marketplace than NATIONAL REVIEW, but that doesn't mean that it is moral to sell it.

Ron Agee
Fort Bridger, Wyo.

On How to Forgive

The tragic comedy of errors—between a cemetery of Hitler's *Wehrmacht* and one of his chambers of torture—brought to light a real, probably the most profound, problem of our time ["The Bitburg Phenomenon," "The Week," May 17]. As Chancellor Kohl said, Germany as a country is burdened with a monstrous national sin. Leaving aside the scholastic question which of the many Germans did, and which did not, participate in this national debauch, there is no denying the fact of Germany's need of forgiveness. But who can forgive an entire nation? How can a nation as a whole accept forgiveness? Such spiritual problems, most real to any individual sinner, have turned out to be no less real, and real in political form, where a nation is concerned.

Now the other side of the problem. It so happened—maybe was so destined—that America has been on the opposite side, first, from Hitler's Germany; then, from Communist Russia. That limitlessly proud Third Reich went down in hellish smoke and fire, to its worldly and spiritual perdition. But Germany, the people and a part of the nation, in ruins and great humiliation, survived. She is still in need of forgiveness, wondering who it might be that proclaims it to her. Chancellor Kohl, on his recent visit to Washington, felt the great strength of this need with all his heart. Ronald Reagan, with the great warmth of character that is his, understood and responded. And then there happened what one might see as a diabolic intervention: Forgiveness was to be symbolized by an act of friendship, not toward Germany as a nation but toward Hitler's armed forces, so that an extreme balance was held necessary, a visit to one of the sites of Germany's shame.

It is the kind of situation that seems to admit of no solution. All the same, it may have brought to our attention that America, in a mysterious manner that cannot be explained politically, historically, or culturally, seems to have a call to proclaim forgiveness to the country of erstwhile Nazi totalitarianism, and might find herself in a position, some day, to proclaim forgiveness to an erstwhile totalitarian Russia. There must be concern lest America experience this duty as a distinction, or even as an endorsement, of whatever kind, concerning her politics, culture, and achievement. "That is not it at all. That is not what I meant at all." Still, one discerns the spiritual character of a confrontation of nihilistic totalitarianisms, three in all, with a political and cultural reality in which a sufficiency of common sense, an adequacy of continuous tradition, a modicum of sanity exist as a living alternative to demonic nothingness.

Gerhart Niemeyer
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

An American in London

I note in your issue of March 8, in Chilton Williamson Jr.'s column, "The Right Books," a friendly if somewhat hesitant reference to me as "a Britisher, I believe, by choice . . ."

Since my essay in the John Howard/

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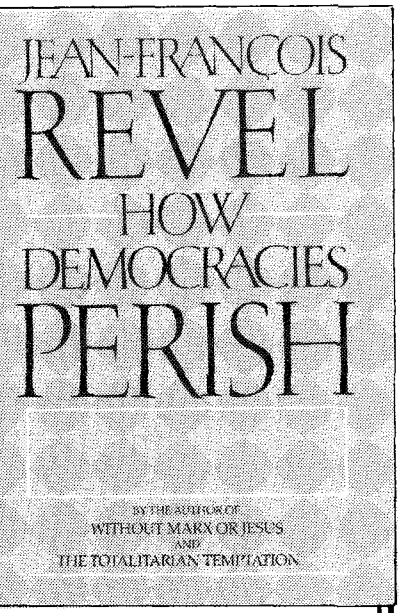
This is the book Jeane Kirkpatrick quoted in her stirring address to the Republican convention



Do you remember her words? "The American people know that it is dangerous to blame ourselves for terrible problems we didn't cause. They understand, just as the distinguished French writer, Jean-Francois Revel, understands the danger of endless self-criticism and self-denigration. He wrote: 'Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.' "

That, briefly, is the kernel of this classic study of Western malaise. The Kremlin is playing the liberal West like a fiddle. Revel expands his analysis with several key points:

- ☐ Liberal democracies are *by nature* flabby. If liberal intellectuals hesitate to admit this — well, the Communists are in no hurry to embarrass them.
- ☐ Soviet disinformation *seeks out* the soft spots in our liberals. And finds them, all the time.
- ☐ Revel analyzes the soft spots, shows *how* the Soviets zero in on them.
- ☐ How the Communists plot — yes, *plot* — for world domination. Why they've been winning ever since Yalta.
- ☐ Case histories: how the left-liberals paved the way for these Red victories.
- ☐ Liberal foreign policy: the intellectual roots.

But shouldn't we take comfort from the internal problems of the Soviets? Revel calls this an illusion. *One* of us, he points out, will collapse first. But we fail to exploit Communist weaknesses. They not only exploit ours, they *cause* some of them.

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- ✓ 12 pet illusions about the USSR cherished by Western liberals.
- ✓ A new kind of Soviet leader? "The longer Soviet communism lasts, the more expansionist it becomes," Revel reminds those who think it's mellowing.
- ✓ Moscow's setbacks. Revel says they cheer him — but also give him pause.

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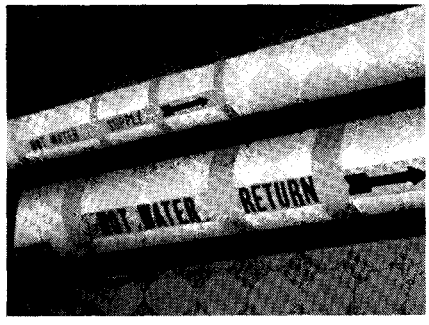

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Robert Nisbet book *On Freedom*, which was under review, deals with the experiences of my American generation in New York, let me assure all curious readers—and I've received puzzled letters from some—that I remain an American (by birth, if not exactly by "choice"). Although I have been editing *Encounter* magazine in London now for more than 25 years, it has never occurred to me to choose "expatriation" in the sense of Henry James's and T. S. Eliot's old-style Anglophile decisions to "switch-hit" with their passports.

Don't worry—I don't feel libeled. Moscow has called me "a Ukrainian *muzhik*," East Berlin "a Manhattan *miesnik*," Belgrade "a Croatian *chetnik*"—I've got enough on my plate without worrying about Anglicization.

Melvin J. Lasky
London

Detective Work

John Simon refers to "Buster Keaton's *Shylock Jr.*" in his May 3 review ["Goliath's Revenge"] of *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. A correction is in order: The Keaton movie is, of course, *Sherlock Jr.*

Terry Teachout
Urbana, Ill.

Whose Self-Determination?

Brian Crozier reminds us ["Helsinki Revisited," March 22] that "the Helsinki process" is still with us. "With Ottawa coming up," he wrote, "I believe a considerably tougher attitude is called for. The Western delegations should use the forum of Ottawa to make a solemn return to the fundamental principle of the self-determination of peoples and call for its application in such areas as Eastern Europe, Afghanistan, and, not least, the constituent republics of the USSR."

But what *is* "the fundamental principle of the self-determination of peoples"? Does it mean "one man, one vote," wherever, whenever, and without regard to the probable consequences? Would Mr. Crozier apply it to South Africa, without regard to what government would replace the existing one if 22 million blacks could outvote the three and a half million whites? Would Mr. Crozier ask the Israeli government to apply it to the West Bank (and thereby enable the Israeli government to commit suicide)? In 1922, after Great Britain had assumed the League of Nations Mandate for Palestine, the Arab community of Palestine asked the colonial secretary, Winston Churchill, to apply self-determination to that community. Churchill refused. Pointing to the promise of the Balfour Declaration, he said that it was

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Britain's policy to make Palestine a homeland for the Jews. "Self-determination" would have meant the end of that policy and the betrayal of that promise. It would be time enough, Churchill said, to consider self-determination in Palestine when Jewish immigration was sufficient to assure that there could be no majority in favor of ending the homeland.

The debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858, turned on the question of whether there should be "popular sovereignty"—that is, self-determination—for the peoples of United States territories. Let the people of each territory, said Douglas, vote slavery up, or vote slavery down. Let the people rule. No, said Lincoln. Let us exclude slavery by federal law. Slavery is wrong, and no vote can make it right. Later, as President, Lincoln refused to recognize the right of self-determination that led 11 states of the Union to secede and establish the Confederate States of America.

Mr. Crozier should recognize that, according to Marxist-Leninist principles, the peoples of Eastern Europe, Afghanistan, and the constituent republics of the USSR are already enjoying self-determination. For the self-determination of all peoples, according to Lenin's revision of Marx, is the proletarian consciousness embodied in the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Mr. Crozier assumes that the Marxist-Leninist interpretation of what constitutes self-determination of peoples is absurd. But by what right does Mr. Crozier make that assumption? That a vote of any people anywhere—however barbarous or misguided—constitutes self-determination is at least as absurd. For further evidence thereof, I submit the case of Woodrow Wilson! Unless our opposition to Communism is to be something more than "them versus us" we need far greater clarity as to what our principles actually are.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont McKenna College
Claremont, Calif.

Mr. Crozier Replies

Professor Jaffa has some very good points to make. Of course, self-determination across the board, without exceptions, would create as many new problems as it might solve old ones.

I cannot, however, accept his charge that my assumption about the absurdity of the Marxist-Leninist interpretation of the self-determination of peoples is wrong. Even if it were true that it is "at least as absurd" to claim that a vote of any people anywhere, however barbarous or misguided, constitutes self-determination, this would not amount to a validation of Marxist-Leninist claims. Just as two wrongs do not make a right, two absurdities hardly constitute logic.

The Soviet constitution guarantees the right of secession of constituent republics of the USSR, but the fact of Soviet totalistic power guarantees that the right shall never be exercised. There is therefore no true self-determination in the USSR, whatever Professor Jaffa may think about Palestinians and black South Africans.

The point I was trying to make in my column on the Helsinki process was, in any case, more specific. The Helsinki Final Act was the outcome of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in *Europe*. The "principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples" was enshrined in Point VIII of the Final Act and was not limited to Europe. Unless the Soviet Union is ready to apply the principle in the areas of Europe under its control, and in Afghanistan, which it has invaded, there seems little point in prolonging the Helsinki process.

Brian Crozier
London

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FOR THE RECORD

To Bitburg, or not to Bitburg? *Washington Post*/ABC News poll, taken two weeks before cemetery visit, had 51 per cent opposed to visit and 39 per cent in favor. *New York Times*/CBS News poll, taken day after cemetery visit, found respondents evenly divided: 41 per cent for, 41 per cent against. . . . Whatever most Americans think of visit, presidential pollster **Richard Wirthlin** says visit created antagonisms "stronger than we are able to measure in survey research" within American Jewish Community. . . . **Nathan Perlmutter**, national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, said the "President has a new debit in his ledger: Bitburg. But as we all want to be judged by our full records rather than our worst lapses, so should a President be judged. Bitburg evidences an insensitivity to the victimized dead. The miraculous airlift of Ethiopian Jews from the Sudan and the defense of Israel reveal a great sensitivity to the living and the future." . . . Succumbing to the goyim? Industry Minister **Ariel Sharon** declared on Israeli radio that Labor Party of Prime Minister **Shimon Peres** "does not know how to stand up to goyim." If Menachem Begin were still prime minister, Sharon said, he would have spoken out against Bitburg. . . . **Yossi Sarid**, leftist member of Israeli parliament, had different explanation for Israeli silence on visit. He told protest rally in front of U.S. Embassy that Israeli government had been "overcome by silence" because of the $1.5 billion in emergency economic aid U.S. recently agreed to give Israel. (Latest installment of U.S. aid means Israel will receive $7.1 billion in aid from U.S. for fiscal years 1985 and 1986.) . . . In search for "good German" to honor, **Elie Wiesel**, chairman of U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council, suggested Reagan go to grave of Pastor **Martin Niemöller**, a WW I German submarine commander who was pacifist in WW II. Niemöller, it turns out, has already been honored, by Soviets and North Vietnamese. He received two Lenin Prizes from USSR and went to Hanoi to receive honors for his anti-American activities during Vietnam War.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rotheo

"How much cashmere to the dollar?"

Jane Fonda, Hollywood actress and exercise guru, was her old self—Hanoi Jane—at New York's tenth anniversary salute to America's Vietnam veterans. Vets burned effigy of Hanoi Jane. . . . **Tom Hayden**, husband to Jane and member of California Assembly, believes America should pay tribute to its veterans, but he also thinks there should be something done for those who opposed Vietnam War. The anti-war movement, says Hayden, "deserves monuments as well." . . . Vietnam and V-E anniversaries kept **Jesse Jackson** on the go. He joined Vietnamese and Nicaraguan UN delegates at New York gathering to celebrate North Vietnam's conquest of South Vietnam. Among organizations sponsoring event were Communist Party, U.S.A., and U.S. Peace Council, a Communist front. In Europe for V-E ceremonies, Jackson met with left-wing members of European Parliament and visited concentration camp near Strasbourg with former Austrian Chancellor **Bruno Kreisky**. Jackson found the line from Bitburg to South Africa. Forty years ago, he said, the threat was Nazism; "today it is apartheid in South Africa and missile deployment in Europe."

With U.S. trade embargo against Nicaragua in effect, Sen. **Richard Lugar** (R., Ind.), chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, now wants U.S. to break diplomatic relations with Nicaragua. . . . Nicaraguan *Contras* reacted stoically to House defeat of $14 million in aid. "For the moment, we have enough weapons," said *Contra* leader **Adolfo Calero**. "We are obtaining more." . . . Democratic leaders in House are working to put permanent ban on all U.S. military and paramilitary assistance to *Contras*. "My priority goal is to prohibit military assistance," says Rep. **Lee Hamilton** (D., Ind.), head of House Select Committee on Intelligence. . . . *Washington Times* editor **Arnaud de Borchgrave** announced paper was launching fund-raising drive to provide *Contras* with $14 million House denied them. *Times* primed kitty with $100,000 of its own.

Justice Department is trying to determine whether **Geraldine Ferraro**, **Walter Mondale**'s *femme fatale* in 1984, "knowingly and willfully" falsified financial-disclosure statements she submitted as member of House. . . . Race is already on to fill House vacancy when **Tip O'Neill** retires next year. **Thomas Vallely**, a state representative from Boston's Back Bay district, considers himself least Left of possible candidates. How least Left is he? He has sponsored a homosexual-rights bill, favors abortion, and had a 95 per cent ADA rating last year. Farthest to the left is **Thomas Gallagher**, state representative known to some of his colleagues as "Tommy the Commie." But person given best shot at seat is **Ted Kennedy Jr.**, 23-year-old son of Senator Kennedy.

Joke going around Moscow: "Did you hear what **Chernenko**'s last words were? '**Gorbachev**, keep your hands off my pill vial.' "

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THE WEEK

☐ Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi has boosted his nation's foreign-aid commitments with a $5-million interest-free loan, due date unspecified, to Louis Farrakhan. It figures. Farrakhan is Libya's only reliable ally in the Middle West.

☐ An official result, at last. That congressional race in Indiana's 8th District has been won by Mr. Panetta, Mr. Clay, Mr. O'Neill, and Mr. McCloskey, all Democrats.

☐ An interesting feature of the recount, conducted by Mr. Panetta and Mr. Clay, was allowing unnotarized ballots (illegal under Indiana law), "using voter intentions as [the] yardstick." Mr. Panetta and Mr. Clay, voting on what the voters' intentions were, cast these for Mr. McCloskey, obviously reasoning that their two votes, minus the Republican voters' intentions, added up to one vote for Mr. McCloskey, who won by four votes.

☐ Ed Meese having survived, it is now Pat Buchanan, White House communications director, whose turn it is to put his head through the hole in the canvas and have baseballs flung at it. Buchanan's "pragmatic" White House enemies are busy leaking to the media, ten Reaganite congressmen have written to chief of staff Donald Regan with a demand that he fire the leaker(s), the media are complaining that Buchanan does not "protect the President from his own worst instincts," etc., etc., but the root of the matter is policy. Bet on Buchanan—and Reagan.

☐ These periodic economic summits are about as suspenseful as the annual unveiling of the new Yellow Pages. Not much gets announced that hasn't already been agreed to well ahead of time in negotiations among junior ministers. The breathless reporting from the summit sites, however, reinforces the illusion that economic reform is mostly the result of multilateral accords. In reality, good ideas more usually get adopted unilaterally and then spread by example and self-interest. The best way to lead the world out of the protectionist bog, for instance, would be for the United States *unilaterally* to lower our own trade barriers—notably the embargoes on exports of Alaskan oil and logs from federal lands in the West, which between them account for perhaps half our bilateral trade deficit with Japan.

☐ There are two ways to end government control over higher education. One is to have the government stop trying to impose it. The other is for colleges to refuse the help that brings control with it. Grove City College has been trying to take the latter course—with difficulty, since the government naturally wants to help (and control) as many institutions as it can. A year ago February, the Supreme Court ruled that the mere presence of low-income students getting federal grants was enough to require Grove City to leap through federal hoops. So Grove City has decided to stop cashing Uncle Sam's checks, meanwhile raising half a million dollars for a "Freedom Fund" so the strapped students can still attend. It's a free country, if you're agile.

☐ The nation's capital is not about to let go of the nation's capital, a new study shows. Among major cities Washington, D.C., ranks below average in donations to charity by individuals, and dead last in corporate charity. It also has the highest per-capita income. One motive suffices to explain all these findings, and it is not compassion.

☐ A word of warning. Sterling Seagrave's *The Soong Dynasty*, about the six children of Charlie Soong who cut such a wide swath in recent Chinese history—one daughter married Sun Yat-sen, another Chiang Kai-shek, while their brothers (and brother-in-law) were

Thinner, but Still Massive

At forty knots, a battleship
  Is hard to turn around,
And rhinos at a canter can
  Be difficult to ground.
So drop a tear for Democrats
  Who try to slow the pace
Of Teddy pounding down the track,
  Before he cops the race.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHILE THE President was summiting in Europe, his aides in Washington were weathering their own Bitburg. On Thursday, the first day of the summit, NBC's Marvin Kalb reported from Bonn that Helmut Kohl was concerned about "the sudden reemergence of anti-Semitism." Then he added that the volatility of pro- and anti-Jewish sentiment was a problem for the President's men, too.

> It is now known, for example, that at a recent White House meeting on the Bitburg controversy, the President's Director of Communications, Patrick Buchanan, was seen writing the same phrase over and over again, the phrase being "succumbing to the pressure of the Jews" —it being the view of some presidential advisors that Mr. Reagan must be seen as strong and not yielding on Bitburg.

When Buchanan was asked to respond to this, Tom Brokaw quoted him as saying, "It is utterly absurd to believe that something that someone writes on a piece of paper represents his views." Buchanan, as it turned out, couldn't remember the doodling episode, and so could furnish no details.

Later that night, after the NBC airing, Buchanan arrived at Charlie Wick's salute to Walter and Leonore Annenberg, quite insouciant until Len Garment told him that, whether he knew it or not, a speeding bullet had been fired at his head, and unless he moved quickly and adroitly, he would be a dead duck. Garment, a former Nixon aide, was referring, of course, to the anti-Semitism frame-up.

Whereupon Lady Luck smiled on Buchanan, as Max Fisher, also at the party, was able to identify the occasion Kalb had been referring to, namely, a meeting of Jewish leaders attended by Buchanan, Fisher, Elie Wiesel, Anti-Defamation League national chairman Kenneth Bialkin (who sat next to Buchanan at the meeting), chief of staff Donald Regan, and White House political director Ed Rollins. After the meeting, Bialkin cornered Fisher and Wiesel and made heavy weather of Buchanan's doodling of the words, "succumbing to the pressure of the Jews." In fact, the meeting had been called to discuss the Bitburg visit, and how the President could avoid the popular perception of succumbing to Jewish pressure if he canceled the cemetery stopover.

Fisher felt the report was terribly unfair to Buchanan and said so, in a statement to the media. This, in turn, moved Bialkin to exonerate Buchanan but not, wholly, himself. The press suspects that Bialkin, having first leaked the story to Kalb, then sought to cover his traces.

There is a larger dimension to this, and it relates to Buchanan's relations with the Washington press corps. Since taking office 14 weeks ago, Buchanan had refused to return press calls on the theory that the press is the President's natural enemy. All it wants is scoops, and scoops don't serve the President, Pat thought. "If I returned press calls," he said, "I'd have no time left to do what I'm supposed to do."

Now, with cogent and critical pieces being written about him by friends like Fred Barnes in the May 13 *New Republic*, which influenced Pat greatly, he is back on the horn, speaking to the press as a communications director should, with wit, amiable cynicism, and matchless insights, which will serve the President far better than a combative isolation ever could.

Republican strategists have put the evil eye on Democrat Pat Leahy's Vermont Senate seat. The GOP back-roomers feel that Leahy can be beaten if former Governor Richard Snelling, a moderate, can be pushed into a race against him. At 58, and still politically popular, the retired four-term governor may agree to take on Leahy. Republican pols like to point out that Reagan won 58 per cent of the Green Mountain State's vote in 1984 (up from 44 per cent in the three-way 1980 presidential race), and that Vermont is historically Republican.

Leahy, the only Democrat ever elected to the Senate from Vermont, has his strengths. A Catholic, he wins the Catholic French Canadian vote in northern Vermont handily, yet he is fairly well liked by the state's Yankee majority. Also, in the past decade Vermont has had an influx of New Yorkers, most of them liberals trying to get away from it all. Another Leahy advantage is the moderate-to-liberal ticket-splitting nature of Vermont's Republicans.

If Snelling forgoes a challenge to Leahy, look for liberal GOP Congressman Jim Jeffords (with a 1984 ADA rating of 60) to enter the lists. Jeffords has the distinction of being the only Republican to vote against the 1981 tax cut. Unlike Snelling, he is on bad terms with the more conservative elements of the Vermont GOP. A Jeffords-Leahy slugfest would definitely favor Democratic retention of the seat.

—CATO

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influential in Chiang's government—is racy, anecdotal, a good read. The thesis is that the Soongs contributed to the corruption that led to the destruction of the Nationalist armies, and thus to the Communist takeover of China, through their dealings with the Chinese underworld of gangs and tongs. They stole millions, he says, possibly billions. Seagrave takes relish in detailing every failing of the Soongs—with the exception of Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, who ended up as a vice chairman of the People's Republic of China—but his documentation is shaky. Jonathan Spence, the Yale professor of modern Chinese history who reviewed the book for the *New York Times*, while partly agreeing with its thesis, casts doubt on Seagrave's scholarship, citing case after case of unbuttressed charges. And he also charges Seagrave with bias: Seagrave wrote an all-out denunciation of the Soongs and their Nationalist associates while finding little or nothing to criticize in Mao and his gang.

☐ As with the Nobel Prize Committee, which year after year ignores prodigious talents (Borges, Dos Passos, Nabokov) while often giving its prizes to decisively lesser talents (Quasimodo, Steinbeck, White), the Pulitzer Prize Committee has for years—make that decades—astonished, not to say affronted, the critical

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community by its failure to remark the talent of Murray Kempton. Why is that? Not because he is of the Left—that hardly would disturb the cosmopolitan committee of judges. One suspects it is because Kempton has never succeeded in syndication. Why is that? Probably because he is simply too good: too demanding of hard thought, notwithstanding that the pleasures derived are commensurate with the effort. Finally, the committee has got around to giving him the prize for Commentary, which is something on the order of recognizing Bach as a gifted composer the last year of his life. Come to think of it, Kempton at 67 is two years older than Bach was when he died. Perhaps the newspapermen have been reluctant to acknowledge the distinction of a writer their own enterprises decline for the most part to publish. It is on the order of a classical-music station giving a prize for composition to a musician whose work it declines to broadcast. Well, the laws of longevity promise us many more years for Murray Kempton, the most talented journalist alive. The Pulitzer Prize Committee deserves a prize for investigative reporting in discovering a commentator whose work has inspirited sensitive readers hungry for literacy, passion, wit, and sophistication, a unique pleasure that came to them beginning on that memorable moment when first they read a column by Murray Kempton.

☐ Epitaph for the Age of Aquarius: "It was staggering what happened in the 1960s. There was a wholesale rejection of anything that had come before, which was an ungrateful thing to do, since the previous generation had suffered through World War II and the Depression and had to give up whatever they had to raise their kids. And then came along the most ungrateful bunch of monsters. I am a part of that generation, so I can criticize it myself." You won't guess, so we'll tell you who said it: the gorgeous and talented Linda Ronstadt.

☐ VOICES OF MODERATION. Chicago's Mayor Harold Washington on the President's Bitburg visit: "Mr. Reagan's insensitivity carries within it the seeds of a new Holocaust."

☐ Quisling of the Year Award goes to . . . Dave Dellinger, apparently much enjoying himself in the grandstands as he watched the parades and other festivities in Ho Chi Minh City.

☐ A survey by *People* magazine reveals that "more than half" its readers would not dress like Boy George. Not quite a resounding victory for Western civilization, but a start.

☐ CORRECTION: Or, rather, the record of a vigorous protest by Roy Godson. Mr. Godson was an advisor to the elected leadership of the U.S. delegation at the International Youth Conference held in Jamaica the last week of April, and Laura Ingraham, whose report appeared in *NR* last issue, called him "a social democrat in the Willy Brandt sense of the term." Mr. Godson vigorously denies this and much of the import of her story, and will be heard from next issue. Mr. Godson, though identified as "heretofore unknown" by Miss Ingraham, is not unknown to *NR*. He is a professor of government at Georgetown and has written or edited 12 books, the most recent of which, *Dezinformatsia: Active Measures in Soviet Strategy* (written with Richard H. Shultz Jr.), was reviewed in *NR* (July 13, 1984) by Arnold Beichman.

Caesar Suffered, Too

As Haig in 1914 learned
And Churchill early on discerned,
Few raise a diplomatic stench
More nostril-numbing than the French.

W. H. VON DREELE

Voting on Bitburg

WE KNOW THAT the media engage in hype, and that it is the job of lobbyists and pressure groups to express (and over-express) the concerns of their constituents. We also know, if we are realists, that Congress often bays with the pack, as it bayed the week before last, voting 390 to 26 in the House, and 82 to 0 in the Senate, to implore President Reagan not to dignify the German military cemetery at Bitburg with a visit. But we also believe that Congress ought to be a deliberative body, soberly weighing the national interests. The Constitution supposes it; and occasionally Congress lives up to it. The Bitburg vote ought not therefore to be allowed to slide away without some analysis.

The main elements in the vote seem to have been three. *Partisanship.* Every Senate Democrat, including the stray realists (Hollings, Moynihan), voted for the Bitburg resolution. When your enemy is wounded, shoot him. *Ethnicity.* The interplay of ethnic ties and foreign policy has a long history in America. For fifty years or so, beginning around the turn of the century, the upper classes of the Eastern seaboard were strongly Anglophile (the World War I chapters of *The Late George Apley* provide an amusing sketch). Irish Catholics voted to twist the lion's tail. Today, the largest ethnic group with its own foreign policy is the Jewish one, though it is by no means alone. (Geraldine Ferraro's first foreign-policy speech as a congresswoman was a blast at Turkey, tailored for her district's Greeks.) *Taking the easy shot.* Once it became clear

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that Reagan was going through with it, the resolution became irresistible. He would take the heat, Kohl would get the visit, and Congress's haloes would shine like the sun.

All these gratifications induced Congress to ignore the sour chore of looking after the interests of the state. This is dull and sometimes unsavory work. Today you may find yourself in a cemetery harboring dead murderers; forty years ago you found yourself allied with the Soviet Union. Each, by the plausible judgment of reasonable men, was a necessary step. A responsible Congress would have judged accordingly, and explained its decision to the electorate.

Satanic Force v. Evil Empire

IN THE LIGHT of Eugene Methvin's essay in this issue (p. 22), it is fascinating to read the *New York Times*'s lead editorial on the day of the President's Bitburg visit. As a rule, the *Times* maintains a façade of secular rationalism. But this occasion elicited from it a revealing lapse into the rhetoric of the supernatural.

"Once, but in our time, there was a war transcending greed and miscalculation." This was World War II—the liberals' holy war, so different from the sordid events of World War I, Korea, or Vietnam. "Once, in our time, there existed a satanic force that aspired not only to conquer and plunder but to establish a bestial order in half the globe." The German people "enthusiastically" followed "this fascist demon" and "systematically slaughtered, gassed, and burned ten million men, women, and children whose genes might pollute the German 'race.' " After the war, "the Russians, who had to drive back the Germans from the outskirts of Moscow, at a cost of twenty million dead, loosed a terrible vengeance."

Setting aside the figure twenty million (the sole source for which, as Mr. Methvin points out, is very dubious), we have here the *Times* world view in a nutshell. It all revolves around Hitler, the satanic force, the fascist demon, the focus of evil in the modern world.

When Hitler is thus diabolized, he transcends measure or analogy. Even the stupendous statistics fall short, fail to express the "unique" evil that existed "once." In this way, liberalism immunizes Communism from the moral equation with Nazism.

Apart from the obvious service to Communism, this frees the liberal from any obligation to "speak out" (how the liberal loves to "speak out"!) against an evil that looms like a mountain over his humdrum moral preoccupations—South Africa, Chile, budget cuts. He can seek reconciliation and "dialogue" with the Soviets. He can chat amicably, only ten years after the war, with the tyrants of Vietnam, who do not lie now in scattered graves. He can give the benefit of doubt to fledgling Communist regimes, as in Nicaragua, that have not yet consummated purges and genocides.

If the Sandinistas had adopted the symbolism of the Nazis, liberal shock and outrage would have been immediate. There would be no question of giving them time, waiting and seeing, or pointing out that Nazism isn't necessarily monolithic. The symbolism of evil—the satanic force itself—would have been more than enough. And rightly so. Symbols signify intentions.

But the adoption of Communist symbolism not only fails to horrify liberals; it actually enlists their sympathies. To them the symbols of Communism, even after 68 years of tyranny, terror, aggression, and mass murder, signify *good* intentions—nothing to "speak out" against.

The *Times* editorial speaks of the need to sustain "the memory of evil." Yet it treats the Soviet Union, Hitler's partner in launching the war, solely as Hitler's victim; its postwar monstrosities were only "vengeance." Some "memory of evil." But then the *Times* often has a hard time remembering what the Soviets are doing today.

KAL 007: Megaphone For The Soviet Line

IN JUNE 1984, an obscure British magazine called *Defense Attaché* made international headlines with a story to the effect that KAL 007 had been on a U.S. spy mission over Soviet territory. The article was pseudonymously signed "P. Q. Mann." The author, in subsequent litigation, turned out to be a London advertising executive named Devereaux. Korean Air Lines sued *Defense Attaché*, won, and received substantial payment and a retraction; and also a published refutation by a U.S. expert, James Oberg. It develops that the "Mann" article relied heavily on material from *Pravda*, and from TASS and Novosti, the Soviet news agencies.

The "Mann" article, however, instantly received mega-treatment in the Western media. The *Washington Post* covered it in a 33-inch story on page A14, under a six-column headline: "Article in Britain Links Ill-Fated Flight to Intelligence Mission." Other media followed suit: *The Nation* magazine of August 18-25, 1984, carried an article by a Yale graduate student named David Pearson which argued that U.S. authorities "made a conscious political decision to sacrifice totally innocent passengers on the South Korean plane in order to gather intelligence data" (that, by the way, is how the Pearson article was summarized by Moscow television). Tom Wicker devoted two of his *New York Times* columns to an approving summary of Pearson. He also appeared on TV and aired the opinion that the whole intelligence operation had been orchestrated by the Reagan Administration.

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Even as all of this was happening, convincing expert testimony was available as to the falsehood of the conspiracy theory. At the present time, the most persuasive, and probably definitive, explanation for the KAL 007 disaster has been provided by an Australian writer, Murray Sayle, whose series of articles on the subject in the British *Spectator* won him the Magazine Writer of the Year Award in England. Mr. Sayle's conclusions appear in this country in a long article in the April 25, 1985, number of *The New York Review of Books*. Along the way, he pulverizes a number of conspiracy-theory books, as well as the *Nation* article. Briefly, Sayle concludes that the airliner wandered off course because of its crew's failure to operate correctly its sophisticated navigational apparatus. With the plane off course, the Soviets reacted, well, the way the Soviets react.

The destruction of the *Defense Attaché* and *Nation* theses has passed without much media notice. Mr. Wicker has not been heard from. But, from the start, the media provided a megaphone for a disinformation campaign that originated in Moscow. That fact is worth long thought.

Quotas, Again– And Again, and Again . . .

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, extrapolating from a Supreme Court ruling last year in a case involving the Memphis fire department, has sued the city of Indianapolis to drop racial hiring and promotion quotas in the police and fire departments. It is all part of the long legal crab dance of reverse discrimination, which seems at last to be beginning to turn the other way.

What is most noticeable about the Indianapolis case so far, though, is the rhetoric with which it has been greeted. There are, as usual, the operatic imputations of social hatred: for example, the Indianapolis director of the Urban League warning that the Justice Department's suit will "lend a cloak of respectability to racism," give us a break. But there are also newer wrinkles. There is very little cant this time around about goals, guidelines, and so forth and so on. What we are dealing with here is quotas, and everyone admits it. "Attack on Quotas Is Widely Opposed," ran the headline in the *New York Times*; "NAACP Sues to Preserve Hiring Quotas," said the *Washington Post*. There is finally the growing trend of embattled liberals to defend themselves on the ground of tradition and precedent. Justice Powell, confronted a while back with a suit seeking to diminish the flood of abortions, gravely referred to *stare decisis*, the decision in his mind being *Roe* v. *Wade*. In the Indianapolis case, liberals sound like Senator Eastland defending Jim Crow. The Justice Department suit, warned the NAACP, would "disturb the acquiescence of the community." The *New York Times* editorialized that "Indianapolis and other cities that have long since made their peace with [quotas] want no more interference."

Well, the hoary traditions of Indianapolis that the Jacobins of the Justice Department seek to overthrow were established by a consent decree all the way back in 1978. They were improper and unconstitutional then, and they remain so now. Three cheers for dismantling them.

The Gulf Heats Up

THE WAR in the Persian Gulf between Iran and Iraq is in its fifth year now, with no prospect of its ending in the near future. The conflict suddenly heated up in mid March when Iran unleashed yet another in a long series of "final offensives" against Iraq. Tens of thousands of youthful Iranian soldiers boarded small boats and attacked across the marshlands of Hawr al Hawizah, only to die in droves when they came up against the better-armed, better-trained Iraqis. The air war has also heated up, with each side conducting regular bombing attacks on the enemy's cities—raids with more psychological than military effect.

By all accounts, Iraq's Saddam Hussein badly wants to end this war, which he started in a fit of absent-minded avarice back in 1980. But the Ayatollah Khomeini refuses to negotiate a truce, preferring instead to offer up human sacrifices in demonstration of the incorruptible purity of his Shiite fundamentalist convictions. Not since the Children's Crusade, perhaps, has the world witnessed such fanatical eagerness to throw youngsters into the heat of war for causes deemed holy by the organizers. The Children's Crusade was a sorry and short-lived affair, however. The Gulf War is being compared more aptly, and more ominously, to the greatest religious conflict in European history: the Thirty Years' War. Stand by for a peace to be concluded in the year 2010.

The diplomatic alignments engendered by the war are bizarre. The United States, France, and the Soviet Union are all quietly backing Iraq—the superpowers not because they want to see an Iraqi victory, but because each fears the unforeseeable consequences of an Iranian victory. France, ever pragmatic, is in it largely for the sake of profitable arms sales. Syria, though a Soviet ally, backs Iran against its arch-rival in Baghdad. Israel, a monster and a pariah to the ayatollahs, has nonetheless sent clandestine arms shipments to Iran, calculating that a Persian defeat of an Arab country would be a better outcome than an Arab victory (my enemy's enemy is a friend, though an enemy). The Saudi sheiks are backing their erstwhile enemy, Hussein, not wanting to see the Gulf fall under the shadow of a confident and fanatical Iran.

The net result: The war has led to the re-opening of

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"It's those red spots, Mr. Ortega!"

an American embassy in Baghdad, in order that the United States might better help Iraq, a Soviet ally, defeat Iran—which is being supplied by Israel, an American ally—while simultaneously embarrassing Syria, a Soviet ally, and transforming the eternal enmity between Saudi Arabia (a U.S. ally) and Iraq (a Soviet ally) into peace for our time. Such are the glories of war and détente, Middle Eastern style. The only logical thing about it is that the French, as usual, make money on the deal.

Achtung!

POLITICALLY, the Philippines seem to be a Latin American banana republic that somehow floated out into the Pacific. American foreign-policy-makers are confronted there by a situation that is eerily familiar. Ferdinand Marcos is an ailing despot who has laid a heavy hand on a once promising economy to the great benefit of his cronies and the great detriment of the rest of the population. He is supported by a corrupt and ineffective military, which has recently made a martyr out of a key opposition figure, Benigno Aquino. Marcos is challenged by a growing band of Marxist insurgents who now boast an army of 12,000. They control 20 per cent of the country's villages and were responsible for two thousand deaths last year. And caught in the middle is Marcos's historical ally, the United States, which tries simultaneously to reform the tyrant, support the tyrant's battle against Communism, and search for a third, democratic, alternative. The stakes of the power struggle are high. The two U.S. military bases on the islands are vital to our naval fleet. Despite capital flight, American businesses still have billions of dollars invested in the country.

The Reagan Administration and the International Monetary Fund have begun actively pushing for reform. Easy reforms would include the elimination of the artificial monopoly that Marcos created in the coconut industry for his friend Eduardo Cojuangco and the permanent dismissal of Army Chief of Staff Fabian Ver, who is now on trial for the Aquino murder. But Marcos refuses to go even this far. He could not survive politically if he alienated his cronies, the only group that still is loyal to him. Exacerbating the situation is Marcos's tenuous health (he has a serious, possibly terminal, kidney ailment) and the ambitions of his wife, Imelda, who would like to form an alliance with General Ver to continue Marcos's authoritarian rule.

The husband-to-wife succession is just what the Communist insurgents are hoping for. The moderate opposition seems to have lost some of its enthusiasm of late. Foolishly, and ominously, the moderates are looking to form alliances with the insurgents; they have even begun advocating the legalization of the Philippine Communist Party. If Imelda succeeded her husband, or if the moderate opposition were unable to mount a strong campaign in the scheduled 1987 elections, then the way would be open for a Communist-led revolution. To prevent this, the United States must play a more intelligently active role than it did in, say, the Somoza succession. It's time to make the Philippines a major American foreign-policy concern.

Enemy of Humanity (You)

THE 1980 ceremony in Managua celebrating the first anniversary of the Sandinista revolution closed with the singing of the Sandinista anthem. Donald McHenry led the U.S. delegation in a walkout, because of a line in the anthem denouncing the Americans as "enemies of humanity." The walkout was done quietly, however; the Americans didn't want to offend the Sandinistas, and thus drive them into an alliance with the Soviets. Since then, every American action that might displease the ruling junta has been denounced on the grounds

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that it would "drive the Sandinistas into the Soviet orbit." This is akin to arguing that we should not punish rapists for fear of driving them to sexual deviancy.

The Sandinista revolution was led by a group of upper-middle-class Marxists trained either in Cuba (the Ortega brothers) or in the Soviet Union (Henry Ruiz). In March 1979, the various Sandinista factions traveled to Havana, where Castro imposed order upon the revolution as a precondition for arms and guidance. During those meetings, strategies were set to lock out all those who supported a democratic alternative to Somoza. These strategies succeeded; by July the Sandinistas were in charge, and during the first year of their regime, Castro made several secret trips to the old Somoza estate at Montelimar, where he coordinated the Marxist transformation of the nation. On June 23, 1981, Humberto Ortega defined the revolution: "Our revolution has a profoundly anti-imperialist character . . . profoundly classist; we are anti-Yankee, we are against the bourgeoisie, . . . we are guided by the scientific doctrine of the revolution, by Marxism-Leninism. . . . Without Sandinismo we cannot be Marxist-Leninists, and Sandinismo without Marxism-Leninism cannot be revolutionary. For that reason they are indissolubly united, and for that reason our moral force is Sandinismo, our political force is Sandinismo, and our doctrine is Marxism-Leninism."

The Sandinista revolution was from the start conceived along Marxist-Leninist lines, animated by hatred of the U.S., and funded and led by Castro and the Soviet Union. Many Americans seem to be under the bizarre impression that we can bribe our opponents to abandon their core beliefs. In Nicaragua, though, the Sandinistas have pursued socialism with unswerving commitment. Even during the 1984 Nicaraguan election campaign Tomás Borge stubbornly declared that Nicaragua "is on the road to socialism, even if we have to hold elections imposed by imperialism."

The only barrier to Nicaragua as Soviet satellite, in fact, has been the Soviets. In Moscow, Daniel Ortega offered to build silos in Nicaragua for Soviet missiles, but the Soviets nixed the plan. They refuse to invest their prestige and resources in a regime that may not survive the decade. The necessary condition for the Soviets to be able to adopt the Sandinistas would be the existence of a United States weakly tolerant of Nicaraguan Communism. Of course, given recent congressional action, that condition may soon obtain.

Consternation and Dismay

No sooner had Democrats scuttled the cash
The *Contras* had counted on than, with a dash
Recalling St. Nick lifting off in his sleigh,
A jet left Managua for Moscow. *¡Olé!*
Now Speaker O'Neill, when he enters the House,
Steps silently as the proverbial mouse,
Though some on the scene say he mutters a lot
Like Lady Macbeth giving hell to that spot.

W. H. von Dreele

Hart and Columbia

Senator Gary Hart ought to be ashamed. When a couple of hundred demonstrators took it upon themselves to block the entrance of Columbia University's Hamilton Hall, the senator "commended" them "on your bold and creative contribution to the struggle against apartheid." Bold? Creative? The demonstration was a derivative re-run of the Sixties, and these bold students knew that they would be handled with kid gloves. We had the whole routine here—sit-ins, the front doors chained shut, flowers, and even that old fellow-traveler Pete Seeger twanging away on his geetar. Nor was it a "peaceful" demonstration. By chaining the doors and physically interposing their bodies between the building and people desiring to enter it, these demonstrators were employing force. It little mattered to them that they were obliging hundreds of students and professors to slip into the building through a side door.

Columbia has been fortunate, in that these demonstrators attracted no great campus following. In 1968 the riots came close to destroying a great university, and Columbia took about ten years to recover its morale.

These campus demonstrations are morally vile, have nothing to do with the rationale of a college or university, and should be dealt with condignly through expulsions and prosecutions. We have a right to expect a firmer sense of academic principle from Senator Hart, who has two graduate degrees from Yale and who, in sober intervals, is an intelligent man.

We Aren't the World

The best way to experience the charity mega-hit "We Are the World" is by means of the video, on which you can actually watch the collection of 45 pop stars, ranging from the hot (Bruce Springsteen) to the dead (Bob Dylan) to the seemingly eternal (Ray Charles), shaking and singing for the relief of Ethiopia. Musically, it's a good tune, astonishingly good for a committee effort; and morally, it is better that the millions of dollars be raised with the intention of feeding the starving than of paying for the next few cocaine deals.

Intellectually, though, the musical effort leaves some things to be desired. The last wave of concern for African misery, ten years ago, was stimulated by the grinding Sahel drought. That drought was not an act

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of God. It was caused, in large part, by overgrazing; which occurred because the nomads had increased the size of their herds; which became possible because the local governments, acting on the advice of Western "experts," had dotted the landscape with wells (which also, incidentally, lowered the water table). The suffering, in other words, was caused by misguided efforts to help. Since 20 per cent of the profits of "We Are the World" is supposed to go for "long-term development," the Sahel experience is not academic.

Or it would not be academic if the Marxist government of Ethiopia were genuinely interested in ending the famine—which it is not. Most of the dying are "rebels," and Addis Ababa is content to take food for its own hungry, and let the rest eat sand. Relief organizations have been trying, with difficulty, to get around the problem: by feeding refugees in the Sudan; by going into rebel areas illegally. But you won't learn this from "We Are the World." Men eat. They also think; sometimes their thoughts lead them to cruelties not dreamt of in Bruce Springsteen's philosophy. We aren't the world, and not all the world is like us.

Hauptmann Didn't Do It

ANTHONY SCADUTO's pioneering study of the Lindbergh kidnapping case, *Scapegoat* (1976), has now been reinforced by Ludovic Kennedy's *The Airman and the Carpenter*. *Scapegoat* attracted some attention, though not as much as it deserved. Perhaps the Kennedy book will now force a reassessment of this historically important case.

Richard Hauptmann (the "Bruno" was tacked on by the prosecution) could not have been in Hopewell, New Jersey, on the day of the kidnapping; he was miles away, on the job as a carpenter in New York City; his work records were tampered with to void this alibi. Handwriting evidence was faked by the New Jersey police; witnesses, who were bribed or threatened, lied. A newspaper reporter wrote an incriminating telephone number on a wall at Hauptmann's Bronx property, and had his "scoop." Lumber evidence was faked.

The New Jersey governor, shaken by early evidence of all this, would have set aside the verdict had the law permitted him to do so. Kennedy argues that the police and the prosecutors believed in Hauptmann's guilt and cooked the evidence to prevent any chance of an acquittal. They also desperately wanted to "solve" this sensational case. The baby was probably kidnapped and murdered by a gang, some of whose members seem to have been Italian, and may have been connected with the shadowy Isidore Fisch, who left the ransom money with Hauptmann before dying in Germany.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh today is open-minded about the verdict, and she cooperated with Kennedy. Anna Hauptmann seeks vindication. Opponents of capital punishment will embrace this book, but the correct answer is to make sure the accused really did it. And no one who was not beyond doubt a killer has been executed recently in the United States.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Samuel Vaughan
Editorial Chairman, Doubleday
From: WFB
Re: Book critics

Dear Sam: I received in the mail a clipping from a dissatisfied reader of book reviews which is so splendid I thought you might wish to send out a copy to all book critics with all future books. To save you the trouble, I have indited a possible draft of a letter from you, as below. Advise. Cordially, Bill

Doubleday & Co. * 245 Park Avenue * New York 10020

Dear Critic:

You will have received a copy of Mr. William F. Buckley's most recent book, _____ .

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The editors of Doubleday are certain that you will greet _____ as a masterpiece of _____. We think it only fair to advise you that in the event of your failure to conform to this judgment, you may hear from your public, as below.

Yours faithfully,
Samuel S. Vaughan, Editor

Reading book review raises blood pressure

A Voices letter from
JAMES E. FERGUSON
Little Rock

(The review of) William F. Buckley's latest novel, "See You Later, Alligator," by Anne Johnson March 3 made my already high blood pressure even higher.

Generally, my paper, the *Democrat*, will not allow misguided cheap shots, but I'm afraid the editor missed one. I can think of no responsible writer, not even the intellectual left that loathe Buckley, who would scribe such irresponsible nonsense.

"Fans of Buckley's books," says Ms. Johnson, "will enjoy his latest. I suspect" – now here it comes – "these readers do not mind shallow, almost non-existent character development. If you like bare bones (what is she talking about?), no-frills writing, this is the kind you get from Buckley."

Well, well now! So, Mr. Buckley's readers are shallow! I'm a Buckley reader, Ms. Johnson, and will have to admit to being somewhat shallow; however, most individuals that read and follow Buckley are without question the most scholarly, cultured people in our society.

Plus, Ms. Johnson, most opinion-makers of every stamp and bent read Buckley, and no serious individual considers him the way you seem to.

Sadly, after the "shallow," "no frills" and "bare bones" remark, Ms. Johnson continues in her sophomore year, making another dreadful mistake.

She says Mr. Buckley paints a – *now this should make any* student of government the last 40 years genuflect – "fairly realistic" picture of how Castro's Cuba operated during the missile crisis.

Who is this Anne Johnson? How can the *Democrat* editors let her get away with making such an absurd statement? Buckley probably knows more about the truth of the Cuban missile crisis than anyone alive. PERIOD! To say Buckley paints a "fairly realistic" picture is shameful!

Furthermore, Buckley – now hear this clear, Anne Johnson – has no question done more for our country in a number of important ways than any man this century. If it were not for William F. Buckley Jr., our country would probably be in the hands of some left-wing, intellectual, socialistic dictator.

By the way, Ms. Johnson, if you knew Buckley the way I and millions of others do, you would love him too.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

John Paul Quinn ["Notes & Asides," March 8] dismisses the significance of Zeno's paradox by stating: ". . . the tomb of Achilles lies in the plain of Sigeum. Over it no bird ever flies." To which one can only respond: "There is a bird which still flies over that tomb and its name is Pantheism and sometimes it goes by the name Hegelianism."

Zeno penned this paradox, as well as others, in defense of Parmenides' position that all being is one. If Zeno is not refuted then it is true that multiplicity is merely a deception of sensation; or, as Hegel would have it, a manifestation of the one Absolute Spirit.

If submerged fantasies are forgotten too long, they are more than likely to come back to haunt us. Besides, I think it's kind of fun to talk about them even though only "engineers, statisticians, and other functional literalists" may be interested (Mr. Quinn forgot to include philosophers).

Thanks, Mr. Quinn, for questioning the significance of Zeno's paradox. It helped me to clarify it in my own mind (even if you are still not convinced).

Sincerely yours,
Father Mark McGovern
Former Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Cardinal Newman College (now closed; I hope not because of too much discussion of Zeno's paradox)
Alton, Ill.

☐ Dear Bill,

I've been a subscriber and a sometime contributor to *NR* for many years because I like its style and, in general, its philosophy. I must tell you that I am not all that interested in Catholic activities to the extent that you present them. Indeed, you dwell on them as though *NR* were written solely for a Catholic audience.

It's boring.

Very truly yours,
Earl Hazan
Barrington, R.I.

Dear Mr. Hazan: If you have especially in mind the space *NR* has devoted to the abortion issue, *NR* replies by saying that the issue is falsely identified as a "Catholic" issue. The question whether life exists prebirth is a biological question with moral implications. If you have in mind the coverage given to the increasing politicization of religion by many prominent Catholics, then your own focus, if religion or Catholicism bores you, should be on the politics of the question, not the religion. If you have in mind our general coverage of religion, pray remember that our first religion editor was a Jew (Will Herberg), whose successor was an Anglican (Gerhart Niemeyer), followed by an ex-priest (Malachi Martin), and now—a Catholic (Michael Novak). The editors continue to believe that religion is a part of the historical narrative we seek to chronicle, analyze, and affect. Yours cordially,
WFB

☐ Hey, Guys—

No one at NATIONAL REVIEW has feet of clay. *I* know *that.*

So when I (and probably lots of other know-it-alls) say, "Hey—that long-haired bearded face in front of the lovely Madonna on the April 19 cover is a self-portrait by Albrecht Dürer," you *will* say, "April fool! We knew it all along." Please?

Best wishes for the silly season, and all those that follow.

Maureen Sawicki
New York, N.Y.

Shh! —WFB

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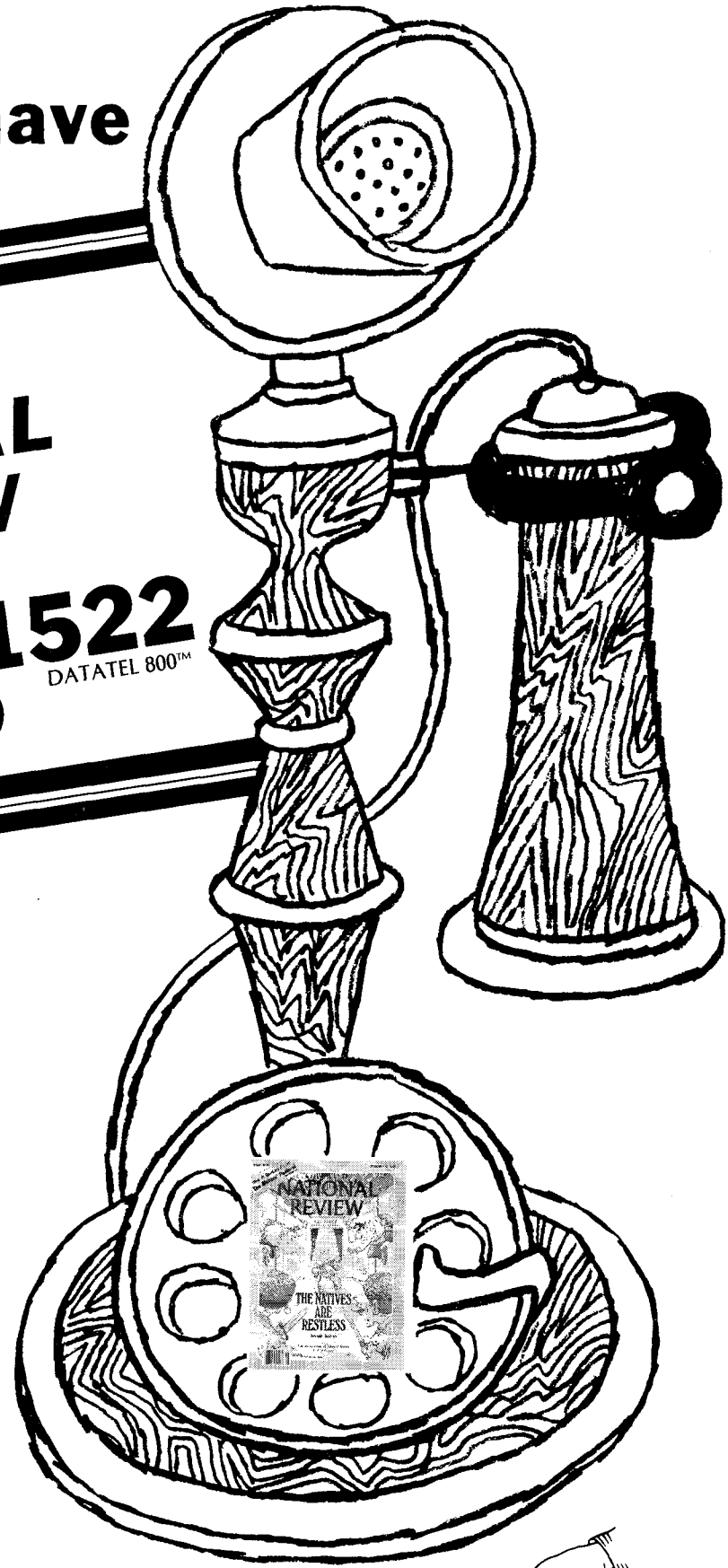

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STRATEGY FOR REALIGNMENT

REPUBLICANS ARE of a mind these days to "nix the six," meaning the six-year itch—i.e., the theory that after a party has held the White House for six years, voters turn against it. Washington Republicans want to shatter this pattern—in fact, they want to make 1986 a year of realignment. Party strategists see the road to realignment running through the South, which has been undisputedly Democratic for well over a century, but which, since the Eisenhower era, has regularly voted Republican in presidential elections.

The strategy is double-barreled: first, the re-registration of rank-and-file voters; second, the persuasion of influential Democrats to bolt the party and become Republicans. "One will feed the other," says Bill Greener, political director of the Republican National Committee. "When elected officials see their constituents registering Republican, they'll be inclined to switch too. And, vice versa, when the leaders switch, they'll pull pieces of the general population with them."

Of all the states, Texas looks most promising, and is rapidly becoming the focus of the GOP realignment effort. New Republicans from the Lone Star State could soon number one million. Texas Republicans have sent county chairmen an ingenious proselytizing manual, showing them how to convert Democratic leaders. Already three Dallas County judges, a county sheriff, and an attorney (Williamson County) have shucked their Democratic affiliation. "We need more big names to deliver body blows to the Democrats, and pull officeholders with them," says Texas Finance Chairman Rob Mosbacher. "Gramm is the biggest we've landed." Besides working with Texas organizational types, Senator Phil Gramm, who converted to the GOP in 1983, also undertakes solo missionary ventures, finding likely political converts and preparing them for party professionals to baptize officially later on.

Former Representative Kent Hance, Democrat, is being eyed by the Texas GOP as a prize plum. Thus far Hance has resisted plucking, but insiders think he will almost certainly capitulate eventually. Former Texas House Speaker Billy Clayton has also been toying with the idea of switching in order to challenge Mark White for governor. And, incidentally, President Reagan's nomination of Representative Sam Hall, a Democrat, to a federal judgeship has handed Republicans a prime opportunity to fill a vacancy in the House.

Louisiana is also ripe for the Republican gospel. So far six Democratic state representatives have jumped ship. The indictment of Louisiana's Democratic governor, Edwin Edwards, has sullied the party, even in a state hitherto amused by its "rogue politics." And the retirement of Democratic Senator Russell Long has opened a seat that may well go to incumbent U.S. Congressman Henson Moore, a Republican. To give the GOP evangelizing a Byzantine flavor, activists are wooing conservative Democratic State Senator Louis "Woody" Jenkins to switch and then run for Moore's seat, thus keeping it GOP (although today's frontrunner is Democratic State Senate President Tommy Hudson).

Florida is also verging toward conversion. In the past four years, the Republicans have registered twice as many new party members as the Democrats, with even stronger gains among senior citizens. Three prominent Democrats have switched: U.S. Representative Andy Ireland, Tampa Mayor Bob Martinez, and State Senator Malcolm Beard. Martinez will be seeking the governorship in 1986 when it is vacated by Robert Graham, who will challenge Republican Senator Paula Hawkins.

Georgia is also looking good. GOP Senator Mack Mattingly's re-election train is back on the track, owing in part—get this—to Democratic Senator Sam Nunn's crypto endorsement of him, leading some Washington insiders to opine that Nunn himself will switch if offered the Armed Services Committee chair in 1986 (assuming the Republicans retain the Senate).

Realignment is by no means guaranteed. "Economic problems can stymie us," warns Lanny Griffith, RNC political director for the South. "The '82 recession hurt us, but by '84 we bounced back." Scandal can do it too. "In '72 we made comparable gains in the South, but Watergate and the '74 recession wiped us out," Griffith says. Also, party switching can incite voter resistance. "Gramm made it in Texas," notes Hastings Wyman Jr., former RNC official and present publisher of a newsletter on Southern politics, "but many switchers have been defeated, or disappeared into political oblivion."

SEVERAL MAJOR FACTORS are conspiring, nevertheless, to favor Republican realignment in the South, *viz.*, backlash against the black-vote mobilization by Democrats, Reagan's popularity among fundamentalists, and the residual Mondale/Kennedy liberalism of the Democratic Party. Democrats are in trouble today, notes Houston-based pollster Lance Tarrance, echoing other analysts, because their national themes fit constituencies that exist only between Boston and New York. Los Angeles pollster Mervin Field is now reporting that for the first time since he started polling forty-odd years ago, Republicans and Democrats in California are running even.

All of which is making the focus of Washington's trendy guessing game not whether the House will go Republican, but when. The early spring book says 1992, but with politics often taking quantum leaps and with the Supreme Court soon to affirm, perhaps, a lower court's ruling that the gerrymander is unconstitutional, don't be surprised if it happens before then. □

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POISON FOR THE YOUNG

HEROIN and cocaine are not the only poisonous temptations for the young of today: There is also the insidious toxin of propaganda. A truly massive dose of it is in preparation right now and will be disseminated from July 27 to August 3, in Moscow's Olympic Village.

At risk, if Soviet estimates are valid, will be some twenty thousand young people from 150 countries, plus another ten thousand foreign visitors. Less at risk (in that they are already poisoned) will be fifty thousand young people from all parts of the USSR, plus 12,000 Soviet "tourists."

The occasion will be the 12th World Youth Festival, sponsored by two of the major postwar international Communist fronts, the World Federation of Democratic Youth and the International Union of Students, based respectively in Budapest and Prague.

These extravaganzas serve two main purposes. One is to indoctrinate the young faithful on current themes that serve Soviet purposes. The other is to convert waverers by mass exposure.

As always, the Soviets are at pains to persuade onlookers that the event will in no way be stage-managed. A wide range of youth organizations will be invited, say the sponsors, and all will be given the right of free debate.

True or false? Judge for yourself. The festival's program will hinge on the theme: "For Anti-Imperialist Solidarity and Friendship." Now, whose imperialism? The imperialism that has sent an army of repression and occupation to Afghanistan, that gives the orders in Eastern Europe, that arms totalist regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua?

Well, no, not actually. It seems they mean Americans helping Nicaraguan patriots to regain their own country and Salvadorans to keep theirs.

Day 1 will be devoted to "peace, the prevention of nuclear war, disarmament."

Day 2 will try to foster "anti-imperialist solidarity," i.e., backing for the Soviet Union against the U.S. and its allies.

Day 3 is for youth and student rights.

Day 4 covers economic cooperation, development, and a new international order; i.e., I presume, down with capitalism and on with universal socialism (and poverty).

The last of the five days will be devoted to "security and cooperation."

Two interesting points are: the choice of venue, and the timing of the occasion. As to venue, front organizations ideally like to find a non-Communist capital, but, fortunately, Western governments are now wise to Soviet methods, and the sponsors, in desperation, had to pick Moscow. Even the Finns, despite their reputation for being "Finlandized," said no. As to timing, normally these things are held every two years, but seven years will have passed since the last one, in Havana in 1978.

And it really had to be 1985, for two pretty good reasons. First, the fortieth anniversary of V-Day. The Soviets, however, don't call it V-Day. They prefer to say "victory over the forces of fascism and militarism that unleashed the Second World War." Significantly, the "debate" will include a discussion of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The other element in the timing is that the festival will more or less coincide with the tenth anniversary of the Final Act of the Helsinki conference. One might have thought that this was a document the Soviets would not wish to be reminded of, since its provisions for human rights and the free exchange of books and papers are well remembered on the Western side. The point, however, is that Helsinki symbolizes "détente," and its anniversary will thus serve to castigate the Americans for ruining that which never existed.

For non-Communist youth groups there are two alternative courses of action: to boycott the festival, or to go there and raise strong dissident voices. Of course, this rarely happens, but I do recall a Youth Festival of twenty-plus years ago in Helsinki where a strong and well-briefed European youth contingent turned up and "gave 'em hell."

SHOULD ANY enterprising and democratic students happen to read this column, I offer some suggestions for the kind of questions they ought to raise in Moscow, bearing in mind that if by misfortune they are prevented from speaking, that too is a good story. Here goes:

—Why does the Soviet Union date the start of World War II from June 1941? Britain and its European allies were fighting Hitlerite Germany from September 1939, while Stalin was grabbing eastern Poland as part of his deal with Hitler.

—Why do you plan to discuss Hiroshima and Nagasaki but aren't devoting a session to the Soviet massacre of Polish officers at Katyn?

—Why do you continue to propagate socialism and attack capitalism when the entire "socialist commonwealth" is heavily in debt to the West?

—Why do you denounce America's alleged "imperialism" when the U.S. gave independence to its one colony (the Philippines) in 1946, and not set aside debating time for Afghanistan, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary?

Many more such themes will, I am sure, suggest themselves to the enterprising young, such as the psychiatric torture of dissidents and denial of the right to emigrate. Another interesting question would be: Who is picking up the tab? The sponsors claim that the festival is being financed from donations to its International Solidarity Fund and the proceeds of "*subbotniki*" ("voluntary" weekend work). Does anybody believe that? □

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CENTURY SUPERKILLERS

THE SOVIET UNION has prepared grandiose celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the victory over Nazi Germany. *Pravda* has taken once again to bestowing full honorifics on Stalin as savior of the nation and architect of victory in the "Great Patriotic War," while all mention of the dastardly de-Stalinizer Khrushchev is banned from the media. The West will be reminded time and again that the Soviet Union's wartime losses ensure the Kremlin's genuine hatred of war and sincere motivation to reach and abide by disarmament agreements with the United States.

The utility of that theme was demonstrated once again in the global furor over the massacre in 1983 of the Korean airliner's 269 passengers. *New York Times* correspondent Serge Schmemann wrote from Moscow:

> The theme of the twenty million people Russia lost in World War II is an enduring one here, a theme aired almost daily in the press and on television as a supreme feat of the Soviet people, as a sacrifice that cannot be betrayed by any lowering of the guard or deviations from ideological orthodoxy. Russians' widespread endorsement of their government's justifications for the airliner's destruction proved that the World War II theme has lost none of its force.

Yet while the Kremlin burnishes Stalin's reputation, in terms of the number of cold-blooded murders inflicted by bomb, bullet, poison, deliberate starvation, and working to death, Stalin excels Hitler and his Nazi pack by far. Western scholars have long since documented this grisly fact, but recently a pair of courageous Soviet scholars have produced compelling new evidence, one of them after having had access to unpublished Soviet archives.

In Hitler's case there is especial difficulty in separating war casualties from behind-the-lines genocidal operations of the *Schutzstaffel* (SS) *Einsatzgruppen* on the Russian front, and the scholars are all over the lot in their estimates. But the problem is marginal, though it may sound callous or glib to say so when the matter involves millions of human lives. As good a reckoning as any, perhaps, is that of the Simon & Schuster *Encyclopedia of World War Two*, which concludes: "Deliberate extermination by Nazis accounted for about one-fifth of the estimated 55 million deaths occasioned by the Second World War in all sectors of the world."*

Hitler's plus-or-minus 11 million are no match for Stalin's killings; one is tempted to say that Hitler was not even in Stalin's league. Merely to extend the Communist Party bureaucracy's control over the food producers, Stalin in 1930 launched a war of extermination against Russia's ten million independent farmers, sweeping away their women and children and entire villages, including the merchants and priests. Special OGPU (KGB) military units armed with tanks and planes sealed off whole regions, bombarded entire towns, and organized deliberate famine. Millions who escaped death in combat and famine were shipped off to slave-labor camps in Siberia, where they were worked to a slow death. Stalin's action, killing a minimum estimated ten million, was undertaken in peacetime. Hitler's "final solution" began in 1941, in wartime, in a society sealed off from the world and to some degree from its own people by wartime controls.

Robert Conquest, in his now classic work *The Great*

Mr. Methvin is a senior editor of Reader's Digest *and the author of* The Riot Makers *and* The Rise of Radicalism.

*In *The Final Solution*, published in 1953, Gerald Reitlinger reported that the Holocaust figure of six million Jews killed by the Nazis was originated by the World Jewish Congress in the war's immediate aftermath. The WJC's estimate was actually 5,750,000 Jews murdered, and that figure was adopted in the Nuremberg indictment. Reitlinger questioned the figure and estimated the total was substantially lower; he produced an extensive appendix on the topic.

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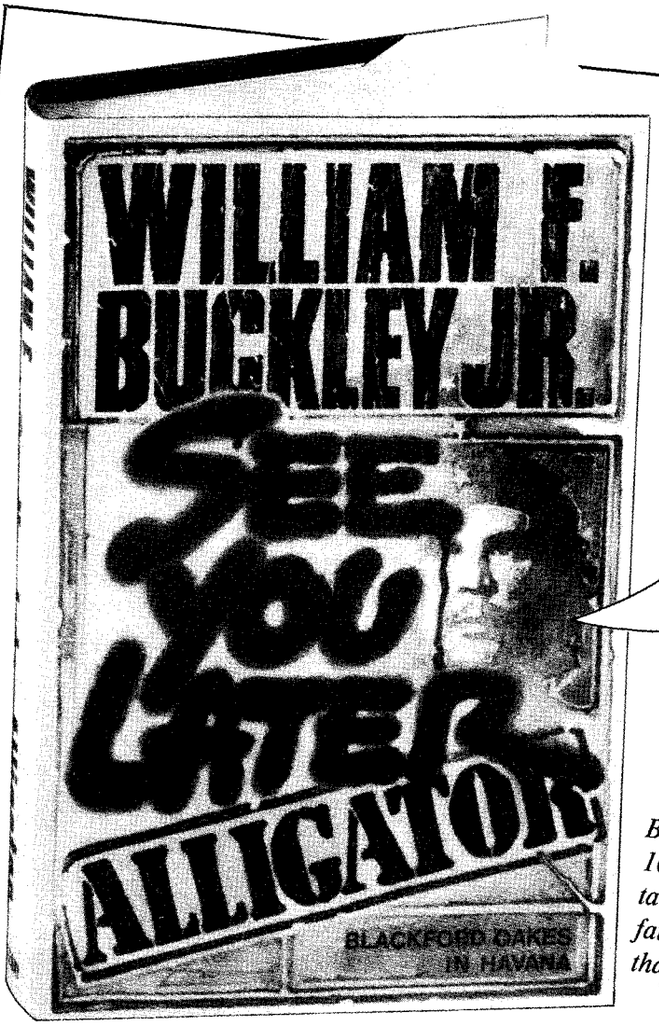

"You may call me Che."

Comandante Guevara was slighter than Blackford had imagined, weighing perhaps 160 pounds, five feet nine or ten inches tall. He wore his traditional beret and army fatigues. His regular facial posture was that of a half smile.

"We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Caimán."

This was Blackford Oakes's introduction to Che Guevara and the beginning of a fast-moving game of wits that meant death for the loser. Oakes, under the code name Caimán (Spanish for alligator), finds himself in the tightest spot of his entire career—trying to defuse the Cuban Missile Crisis while in a race to save the life of his beautiful Cuban interpreter, Catalina.

Does he pull it off? You know part of the answer already, but the part you don't know is what makes *See You Later Alligator* so utterly fascinating. This is such a brilliantly plotted book that you'll keep on being surprised right up to the last page. It's filled with romance and intrigue in the grand old style of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene, a classic thriller you won't want to come to an end, even while you can't wait to get to the end. And the end, when it does come, has a chilling twist that only Bill Buckley would think of.

See You Later Alligator is the latest in Buckley's spy-thriller series, which, as enthusiastic reviewers agree, gets better with every new adventure. But the *best* news is that, right now (*for a limited time only*), we offer this big new hardcover book (a stiff $16.95 retail value) as a FREE bonus with your subscription to *National Review*.

Just use the convenient card opposite this page to enter your subscription to NR for a full year (25 exciting issues) at the regular $34 rate, and we'll send *See You Later Alligator* to you without delay, FREE and postpaid (another sizable saving). If you're already a subscriber, we'll simply extend your present subscription (no matter when it expires) for 25 more issues at the same $34 rate and this best-selling book is yours FREE! Do it now.

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Terror, calculates the non-war toll of Stalin's 24-year regime at twenty million dead, and hastens to add that this figure "is almost certainly too low and might require an increase of 50 per cent or so." Indeed, Conquest subsequently raised his own estimate of seven million dead in the Ukraine by three million.

Kalinin geophysicist Josef Dyadkin calculated the toll from Stalin's purges and planned famine from 1928 to 1938 at 17.4 million, and he counted another 11 million non-battle deaths in the 1940-49 decade, plus another half-million in the Gulag in 1950-53, a terrible total of 29 million. Dyadkin's figures moved Nick Eberstadt of the Harvard Center for Population Studies to conclude, "The USSR fought a two-front campaign in World War II. The first was against the invaders; the second was against its own citizenry." Dyadkin circulated his manuscript in human-rights circles and in 1979 was arrested and sent to the Gulag himself. His manuscript was published in the West in 1983.

Another Soviet insider, A. Antonov-Ovseyenko, a historian who had access to official studies, sets the total far higher, at fifty million, or 65 million if one adds those killed during the war by mass deportations, camp conditions, pre-emptive and exemplary executions, and the like. Estimates of the collectivization genocide of 1930-34 alone run from about ten million (both Conquest and Dyadkin) to 22 million (Antonov-Ovseyenko).

Thus the comparative non-war killing totals are Hitler, 11 million; Stalin, 29 million to 65 million—at least two and a half times as many dead.

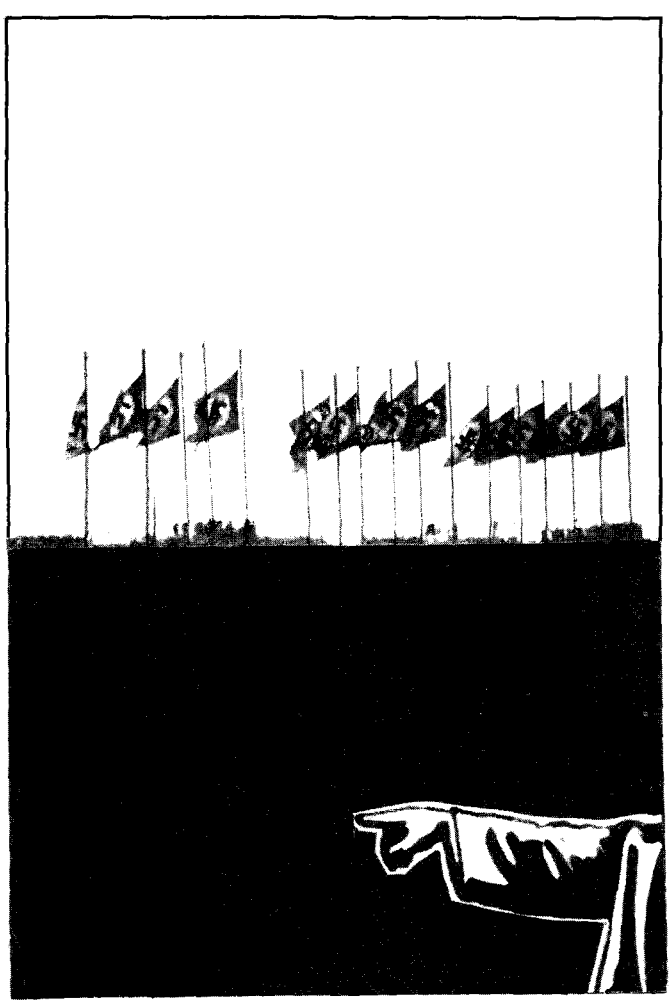
Yet if one visits the Soviet Union today and speaks with the ordinary functionary or listens to Soviet spokesmen, one is assured of the peaceableness of the Soviet regime and offered as evidence that the nation lost twenty million people in World War II. The number must be taken on faith, because the regime has never published detailed figures on war losses. After the 1937 census came up scandalously short, Stalin had the census-takers shot and produced a new census two years later. The figure of twenty million derives from an offhand remark by Nikita Khrushchev in a 1961 letter to the prime minister of Sweden and has become accepted worldwide with little question, though demographers still await basic data. Neither from the regime's spokesmen nor from respondents abroad does one ever hear raised the matter of Stalin's yet higher death toll. No one ever asks Soviet antiwar propagandists why the multiple millions of Stalin's victims do not engender an equally fervid devotion to constitutionalism, checks and balances, and safeguards for human rights. Yet the question needs to be raised, persistently, by Western spokesmen, at least every time the Soviets mention their horror of war and the lasting trauma of their wartime death toll. Such a rejoinder might begin to move the East-West dialogue in the direction of constructive change—for example, toward a discussion of the need for constitutional safeguards to prevent a return of the "cult of personality" and mass terror.

II.

Still, Adolf Hitler remains the superstar of twentieth-century history. The 1983 furor over his forged diaries proved it once again. *Der Führer* continues to occupy a place in our collective consciousness unequaled by any other figure in modern history, though Stalin certainly surpassed Hitler in terror, tyranny, and slaughter.

Witness how the roof collapsed on President Reagan when, to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the end of World War II and the rebirth of German democracy and freedom, he proposed to place a wreath at the Bitburg cemetery, which contains the graves of German war dead. Journalists sensing a mass-audience sensation did a quick census and found that among the two thousand *Wehrmacht* dead who were buried there—most of them teenagers drafted in 1944 and hurled into the Battle of the Bulge—were 49 SS members; as the mayor of Bitburg pointed out, it is impossible to find a military cemetery in Germany without SS graves. The emotional fury of the ensuing public debate shows how we have diabolized Hitler and his SS in a kind of self-defensive escape from the hard thinking we would have to do if we accepted our common humanity. Were Hitler and the SS human beings, even as you and I? Could *we* ever . . . ?

A decade ago, when Hitler biographies by Walter C. Langer (based on his secret World War II psychoanalysis of Hitler for the OSS), Robert Payne, Werner Maser, and Joachim Fest were all best-sellers, *The New York Times Book Review* asked: "Why don't books on Stalin—of which there have been several—sell?" Today the disparity in both scholarly and popular attention accorded the two tyrants can be roughly measured simply by counting the entries in the subject guide of *Books in Print*. Hitler wins hands down, with 117 entries to a mere 35 for Stalin.



Anna Lieber

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No U.S. Army tanks, no Movietone News cameramen ever rolled into Vorkuta or Kolyma or any of the other islands of the Gulag Archipelago, which have endured more than three decades and indeed still serve Stalin's successors

What accounts for this continuing force of fascination—a useful Jungian term for a preoccupation with universal mythical motifs—of Hitler and his Third Reich?

A major reason is simply the intensity of Hitler's historical strut. Journalist-biographer Joachim Fest sums it up well in his book *Hitler*:

> History records no phenomenon like him. . . . No one else produced, in a solitary course lasting only a few years, such incredible accelerations in the pace of history. No one else so changed the state of the world and left behind such a wake of ruins. . . . In him an individual once again demonstrated the stupendous power of a solitary person over the historical process.

Stalin by comparison seems dull and bureaucratic. We know much less about him because he murdered most of the witnesses, and historians have never been free to roam the Soviet Union interviewing those he missed, or collecting letters and rummaging through archives. Hitler was both the Lenin and the Stalin of his party. From start to finish his time in power consumed but 12 years. Stalin's career ran for 31 years, from the time he became general secretary in 1922, two years before Lenin's death, until his own death in 1953. He spent the first seven years merely edging out the Trotskyite and Bukharinite factions. Not until 1934, after the Kirov "assassination," did he begin wiping out the original Old Bolsheviks, and his "night of the long knives" took four or five years. Hitler's consumed three bloody days and killed but a few hundred ultras and miscellaneous other opponents—nothing compared to the millions of old Leninists whom Stalin shot or sent to freeze to death in Siberia. Historically, Hitler was a tornado, Stalin a hurricane—slower, longer-lasting, more deadly, but not as intense or dramatic.

Hitler was also more dramatic in that he and his Nazis more openly avowed and even exalted brutality and evil. His speech to his generals on August 22, 1939, has no reported analogy in Stalin. He instructed the Nazi commanders to destroy Poland—"remove its living strength . . . be hard and ruthless . . . Steel yourselves against all pity." Himmler's October 4, 1943, speech at Posen to his SS generals strikes the same note: "Whether ten thousand Russian females fall down from exhaustion while digging an anti-tank ditch interests me only insofar as the anti-tank ditch for Germany is finished. . . . It is a crime against our blood to worry about these human animals and give them ideals, thus causing our sons and grandsons to have a more difficult time with them." Stalin, so far as I know (and I do not spend much time reading his published tomes), never said anything to compare. His rhetoric, like his May Day parades, is heavy and drab. Hitler's, like his Nuremberg rallies with their gaudy banners and marches and the "cathedral of light," was flashy, erotic, and sadistic. Hitler and the Nazis exalted evil in a way that Leninists do not.

III.

A major factor in Hitler's dominance of the historical scene is simply the disparity in the availability of historical documentation. The Nazi Reich was taken apart physically by the invading Allied armies in 1945. At a pulp mill near Munich, the Nazi Party headquarters, the American First Army captured in boxcars the master file of party members—nearly 11 million index cards. This archival prize was intended to have been destroyed, but the confusion of the Nazi military collapse saved it. Likewise, there is incredibly thorough documentation of the SS death camps. James A. Michener devotes a full chapter of his recent major novel on Poland to Maidanek, the Nazi extermination factory near Lublin. Michener reports he was captivated by the archival materials of this place of horror:

> It was well run, in an orderly, nonhysterical fashion, by German soldiers devoted to their duty and proud of their accomplishments. All they did was liquidate some 370,000 Poles, Jews, Gypsies, and other "undesirables" collected from all over Europe. On one hideous afternoon they slaughtered more than 18,000 Jews, methodically listing each death with full details as caused by either tuberculosis, grippe, or heart failure, all 18,000 of them dying of "natural causes" on the same day. To work in the Maidanek materials at Maidanek is to experience one's own taste of hell.

When the liberating armies threw open the death camps in 1945, they created a living archive that drove itself into the West's consciousness with living sights, sounds, and smells. Documentary films of those scenes continue to shock and sicken, as do the recollections of living witnesses. Earlier this year I spoke with a veteran journalist who was a colonel on Eisenhower's staff and among the first Americans to enter Dachau. "It's been forty years, but I can still experience that smell any time I think about it," he said.

The first big concentration camp to fall into Western hands intact was Buchenwald, which American armored units reached on April 16, 1945. Eisenhower decreed that German civilian leaders be rounded up and compelled to take tours of the place. Five days after liberation an intelligence team arrived to prepare a comprehensive report for Allied headquarters. One survivor was Dr. Eugen Kogon, an Austrian anti-Nazi educated in sociology and economics; before the war he had been a journalist and a banker. Thanks to the camp underground's clever machinations and the Nazis' need for his managerial talents, he had survived from September 1939 to liberation. Kogon helped the Al-

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lied interrogators compile their report, dictating large parts of it himself, and then with the help of other inmates wrote his own book, *The Theory and Practice of Hell.* It remains one of the most thorough and shocking accounts of the Nazi extermination campaign. Edward Crankshaw's *Gestapo* and Lord Russell of Liverpool's *The Scourge of the Swastika* are other excellent early works of this descriptive genre.

Both the living and the documentary archives provide a rich lode that historians and graduate students will mine for years. In addition to the party membership files, other captured Nazi archives include 660,000 SS files, the 400,000 *Sturmabteilung* (SA) records, and one and a half million pieces of party correspondence—altogether some 25 million to thirty million items. The history writers have worked to the point that we now have even a full-length biography of Franz Stangl, the Treblinka death-camp commandant.

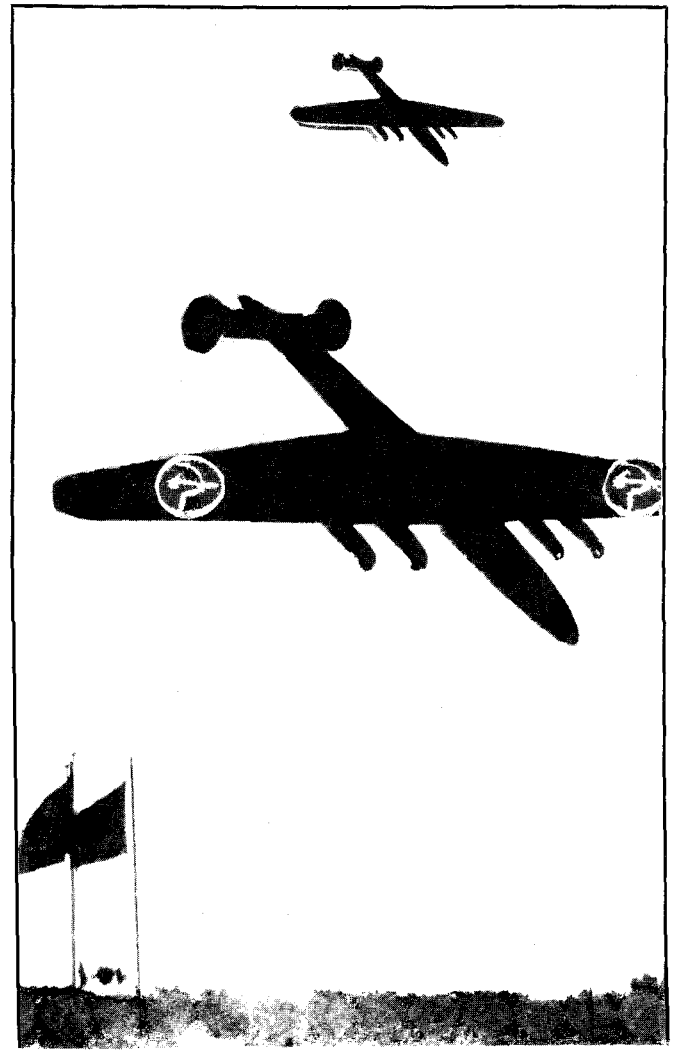
Does anyone in the West even know the name of the Soviet commandant at Vorkuta in, say, 1938? Could we imagine a *biography* of that estimable gentleman of genocide?

No U.S. Army tanks, no Movietone News cameramen ever rolled into Vorkuta or Kolyma or any of the other islands of the Gulag Archipelago, which have endured more than three decades and indeed still serve Stalin's successors. The Kremlin's rulers still have a vested interest in keeping Stalin's crimes secret, since their rule is built on his foundations, and all but the youngest of them advanced their careers assisting him. Gorbachev's predecessor, for example, Konstantin Chernenko, was a rising 41-year-old technician of the terror when Stalin died.

In fact, the Stalinists toppled Khrushchev in 1964 in no small part because he insisted upon lifting a tiny corner of the secrecy covering Stalin's mass murders. We know now that in 1954 Khrushchev instigated an official inquiry, and at one time he had 83 major commissions operating, one for each big prison-camp complex and three others for the "isolator" prisons, where prisoners were held in solitary and tortured by careful terror protocols. The commissions found that many of the central files in the Lubyanka KGB headquarters had been destroyed. Nevertheless, provincial offices, some as far away as Vladivostok, turned up key documents revealing aspects of Stalin's convoluted plots. The commissions gathered 64 volumes of evidence on the Thirties purges alone, but not a word of it was made public. The post-Stalin Politburo voted Khrushchev and Anastas Mikoyan down, 8 to 2, on the issue. But in 1956 Khrushchev insisted upon appealing to the Presidium of the Twentieth Party Congress: "We cannot remain silent about Stalin's crimes at the very first congress we hold after his death." The Presidium assigned Khrushchev to give a report, which was hastily prepared during the congress, dealing almost exclusively with Stalin's murder of old Leninists. Khrushchev spoke not a word about the mass genocide of the peasantry during the collectivization of agriculture, for example. Later, Khrushchev personally authorized publication of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's account of the slave-labor camps, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, an action that moved Solzhenitsyn to the symbolic act of placing a single rose on the dead terrorist's grave. (Khrushchev too, after all, had advanced his career as the efficient agent of Stalin's genocide in the Ukraine.) The revelations were stopped with Khrushchev's overthrow, and the investigators' findings rest in secret Kremlin archives to this day. Only in 1982 were some fragments presented for the first time by Antonov-Ovseyenko, who spent 12 years in Stalin's prisons and smuggled to the West the manuscript of his book, *The Time of Stalin: Portrait of a Tyranny.* But still, thirty years after Stalin's death, the archives of the Stalinist terror are kept sealed by his living accomplices. The archives are an embarrassment not only to his successors but also to Western statesmen who must engage these accomplices in summit conferences, polite diplomatic toasts, and arms-limitation talks.

IV.

The biographical studies of the past decade have so thoroughly explored the historical material and illuminated the life of Hitler that it is hard to imagine how some new trove such as the "diaries" could radically alter our knowledge and understanding. In my judgment, the definitive work on Hitler's personality and psychology is Robert G. L. Waite's brilliant 1977 psychobiography, *The Psychopathic God.* A professional historian (professor of history at Williams College) who has spent his life studying modern German history, Waite brings to bear the best investigative and analytic skills of his discipline. He far surpasses other biographers in evaluation and analysis, though for sheer narrative interest—not for reliability or scholarship—I'd



Anna Lieber

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Hitler's lifelong infatuation with 'will' and Nietzsche derived from his conflict with his father. In *Mein Kampf* he depicted their relationship as a constant contest of wills

have to give the nod to fellow journalist John Toland. As for the others, Robert Payne is simply not a serious historian. He assures us repeatedly, for example, that Hitler's father, Alois, had "no violent outbursts of temper" and "never struck his children." In fact Alois was a terribly distempered sclerotic, and the evidence is abundant that he was both child-beater and wife-abuser. Both factors played a crucial role in the future Führer's personality development. Joachim Fest, another journalist, simply missed the evidence of old Alois's child-abuse. He also missed the family pathology and incest that were at the root of Hitler's obsession with "racial purity" and "pure blood."

To understand Adolf Hitler's personality and pathology, one must understand his life in Austria before he emigrated to Munich on May 26, 1913, at age 24. He moved from Linz to Vienna when he was 18, in September 1907, and after his mother's death in December 1907 he went through an identity crisis, fell under the influence of a couple of rabid anti-Semites, and came out a fanatical, messianic Jew-hater. The mold was set. Fascinating as is the process by which his personal pathology became national policy, moving armies and murdering millions, the pre-Munich Hitler is to me the crucial conundrum, and here is where Waite's study excels all others. Werner Maser gives the pre-Munich period 69 out of 321 pages; Fest gives it 44 of 767; Alan Bullock, 24 of 809; Toland, 51 of 899; Payne, ninety of 577. Waite organized his work differently; it is not a chronological narrative, but a careful sifting of the characterological, medical, and historical evidence. He devoted 106 of his 427 pages to Hitler's parents, grandparents, early family life, and pre-Munich days, plus associated intellectual and cultural history. Clearly, Waite's is the definitive study of the person and personality of Hitler, as distinguished from the historical actor strutting the world stage. If you want to know what made the man tick, read Waite. In his pages Hitler ceases to be an incomprehensible cardboard caricature of terrorism and becomes a comprehensible human being, behaving according to a set of rules of irrationality, a logic of psychopathy.

That psychopathy can be summed up briefly, and those whose curiosity is aroused may weigh the evidence laid out fully by Professor Waite.

1. Hitler came from a family scarred by incest and mental and physical pathology. His mother's sister probably suffered from schizophrenia, which has a strong genetic component; other relatives suffered various deformities and mental abnormalities. Hitler's father's paternity was a mystery. It is probable that his paternal grandfather was a Jew, and Hitler had to contend with the certainty that under his own Nuremberg racial laws, his own Gestapo would have had to classify him as Jewish! Even if he managed to evade this probable truth about his ancestry, the alternative was equally repulsive to him. If the man who married his grandmother when his father was five years old was indeed his biological grandfather, that meant Hitler was the descendant of an incestuous old man who impregnated his own sister's daughter. Little wonder that "racial purity" and "purity of blood" became an obsession for Hitler.

2. Father-son conflict was an overriding factor in shaping Hitler's personality. In this respect Hitler bears a striking psychological resemblance to Mao and Stalin. Mao fought pitched battles with his father and once succumbed to pyromania, setting fire to the village Confucian temple as an act of rebellion. Stalin's father was an alcoholic who went into rages and beat his little son so badly the future dictator had a permanently crippled arm. Hitler's own left-arm weakness and tremor may also have been due to neurological damage from childhood beatings. Hitler's lifelong infatuation with "will" and Nietzsche derived from his conflict with his father. In *Mein Kampf* he depicted their relationship as a constant contest of wills.

3. Hitler was a monorchid; that is, he had only one testicle, probably a congenital malformation. This condition is quite common, and many otherwise normal young men are psychologically unaffected by it. But when it occurs in the context of a disturbed parent-child relationship, especially father-son conflict, monorchism may cause extreme psychopathology. Waite meticulously marshals the evidence and matches it to the profile of the disturbed monorchid as documented in modern clinical psychological practice. He demonstrates that Hitler exhibited every one of the 17 distinctive and sometimes quite bizarre symptoms of the aberrated monorchid personality. Foremost among these are pathological masculinity, toughness, destructiveness, and ruthlessness; claims of a messianic mission and "magical" powers; preoccupation with time and death; and a desire to restructure the world—*vide* the young Hitler's grandiose plans for rebuilding his home town of Linz.

4. Walter C. Langer first collected and sifted the evidence of Hitler's sexual perversion in a top-secret OSS study in 1943, but it was not published until 1972. Waite resifts the evidence and concludes that it is convincing: Hitler was a sadomasochistic and coprophilic pervert—that is, he would compel his female partners to urinate or defecate on him. Although the boudoir testimony is inevitably tenuous, it is well documented that Hitler displayed other behavior patterns thoroughly consistent with this perversion and documented in the psychiatric literature. He was clearly and overtly a sadist, and he flaunted it by habitually carrying heavy riding crops, the traditional symbol of such impulses. Many other evidentiary bits corroborate the conclusion. And Waite points out a stunning pattern: Of the seven women who historians are reasonably

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Hitler is more popular partly because he is a more edifying devil, more recognizably alien; with Stalin most of us raised and educated in the Western liberal tradition recognize a certain kinship

sure had intimate relations with Hitler, six committed suicide or made serious suicide attempts during or shortly after their affairs with him. The death's-head symbol of his elite SS "personal bodyguard" was the expression of a real and powerful impulse in Hitler's psyche. Indeed, Waite concludes that many of Hitler's seemingly irrational actions were reflections of his sadomasochism. One example was declaring war on the United States, which he had vowed in moments of clarity to avoid and which solved a severe political problem for President Roosevelt. Hitler was driven by a terrible urge to conquer and arrange his own salvation by destruction. As he himself confided, "I have to attain immortality even if the whole German nation perishes in the process."

V.

Hitler is more popular partly because he is a more edifying devil, more recognizably alien; with Stalin most of us raised and educated in the Western liberal tradition recognize a certain kinship. Hitler's ideology was uniquely tribal and atavistic. It was *völkisch*, an almost untranslatable German term evoking imagery of nation, family, tribe, people; it owed more to Wagner and Teutonic mythology than to any recognizable strain of Western philosophy. Stalin, on the other hand, cloaked his psychopathic criminality in the verbiage of Marx, which he adopted after defecting from his theological seminary. Marx himself, in turn, sprang from a long line of rabbis, and while he was a 17-year-old University of Berlin freshman drinking the heady wine of the Young Hegelian "God is dead" philosophy, he declared in a letter to his father that his self-assigned task must be to find "new gods for the vacant shrine." Thus both Marx and Stalin clearly branched off from the messianic progressivism of the Enlightenment, and expounded a recognizable version of Rousseau's man-is-born-good-but-is-corrupted-by-institutions anarchism. So in Stalin most of us see if not a brother or a first cousin at least a second or third cousin once removed. In Hitler we see a perfectly alien, disgusting, wholly denounceable devil.

But we see ourselves, too. That is where Hitler derives for us "the force of fascination" in the Jungian sense. Hitler and his whole corps of violent, sadomasochistic Nazis exercise this magnetic attraction because they represent a fearsome, collectivized running-amok, an unleashing of a near-universal "urge to kill," an Oedipal rage or Freudian "death instinct"—call it what you will. The urge-to-kill emotion lies beneath the surface of every human breast; it is a universal experience in the mammalian birth-and-maturation process. We all experience the frustrations and rages of the toddler. And we all undergo the civilizing process the psychologists call "socialization," by which we are conditioned to control our rages. But the struggle to control and repress is constant and costly for many. The motif in so many myths and fairy tales of the hero's dark struggle against the dragon is a reflection of our universal struggle to repress and control the dragon of violence within ourselves—a struggle that accounts for our fascination with violence and crime news.

Indeed, one reason for Marxism's wide appeal is that Marx simply refurbished the old fairy-tale hero-testing motif of entering the tunnel and slaying the dragon, translating it into the language and cultural context of modern industrial civilization. In the Marxian myth, the hero must go through the long tunnel of Revolution and slay the dragon Establishment to win the fair maiden Sophia—wisdom—and eternal peace and happiness. In our twentieth-century mythology, Hitler is the dragon, and Stalin, the dragon-slayer, is at least a vaguely recognizable kinsman.

Hence Stalin is a monumental embarrassment causing acute psychological-ideological discomfort to a broad spectrum of Western intellectuals, scholars, writers, and political leaders of "liberal" or "progressive" views based on Rousseauistic and utopian premises. They tend to believe man is a noble savage corrupted by institutions that must be changed, either by revolutionary action or by progressive and liberal political action, and they think of themselves as among the "movers of the movers," the "new men," "the wave of the future"—a pre-Leninist primitive Marxism represented by Tkachev and Chernyshevsky in the nineteenth-century Russian radical tradition. They think of themselves as a part of "the movement for change," to use a U.S. Communist Party and Kremlin co-opted euphemism for "revolution." Thus, to study Stalin's life and policies is for such enlightened scholars a very painful personal discomfort, and grim proof of the folly of their own utopian views.

This is a dreary business. At the root are the old psychological double standard and the universal distaste for facing discomforting facts. Does Mr. Hitler demand German annexation of the Sudetenland? Those who long for peace above all else will rely upon his assurances that "I have no further territorial demands in Europe" and will buttress this reliance by ignoring his armaments-production figures and animadverting to Goebbels's staged photographs of *der Führer* smilingly accepting bouquets from pretty little *Mädchen*. Do the Soviets dump poisonous "yellow rain" on helpless villagers in Yemen, Laos, Cambodia, and Afghanistan in violation of solemn international treaties banning chemical and biological weapons? Did Mr. Andropov arrange the diplomatic kidnap-murders of Hungarian Revolt leaders Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter, then stage-manage the steady extermination of Soviet dissenters and the Helsinki Watch Committee? Ah, but he is nevertheless a "moderate" (*New York Times*) or "liberal" fellow

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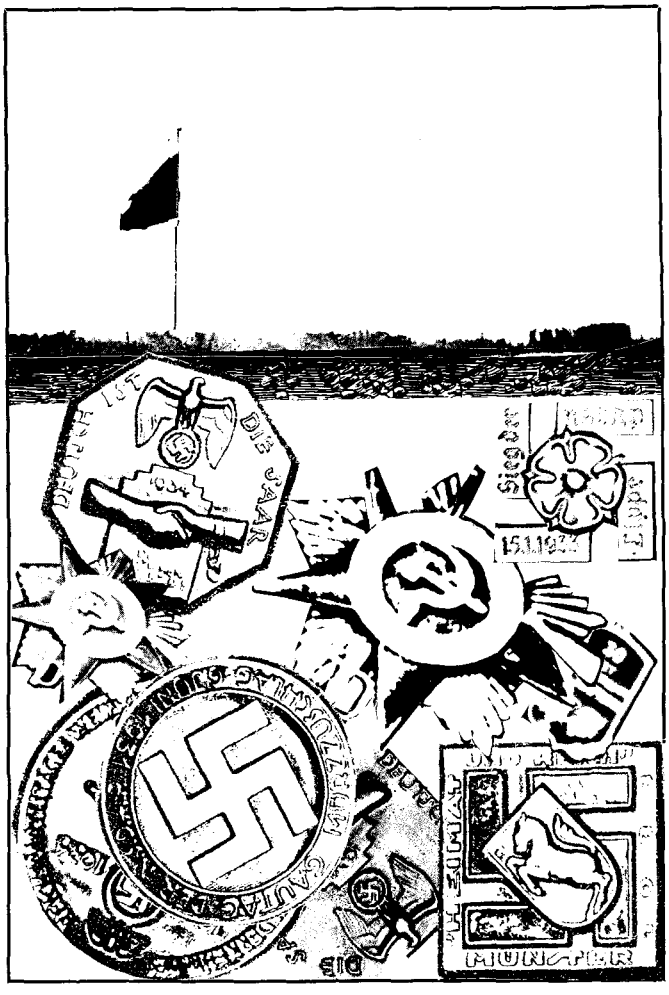

Anna Lieber

(*Washington Post*) who likes Scotch whisky and American jazz. Those who fear nuclear war above all else and long for any kind of nuclear disarmament treaty will tend to deny the evidence, however compelling.

The psychoanalytic pioneer Harry Stack Sullivan coined the terms "selective inattention" and "security operations" for such phenomena: A person who feels that his security, dignity, hopes, and self-esteem are tied to one set of concepts or feelings will evade or shut his mind to contrary evidence. If we believe in and long for universal peace and utopia, we will tend to evade or ignore facts that seem to make them an "impossible dream."

Psychiatrists apply the term primitive idealization to the tendency to project all evil onto out-groups or a particularly choice visible and accessible hate target, and to ascribe all virtue to the in-group, the chosen class, tribe, or people. It is a universal phase of personality development and a common defense position into which we all retreat at times. It is also a source of much unreason in human affairs. It explains why many intellectuals, scholars, authors, and book buyers who begin with a passion for perfection and justice and equality prefer to study, research, and contemplate Hitler rather than Stalin. Since our own government is flawed, and our own society marred by inequality, since some are rich and others are poor, and since the virtuous and industrious and brilliant intellectual is rewarded less richly than the virtuous and industrious industrialist, merchandiser, or advertising copywriter, our society is corrupt and evil. Obviously, then—it is obvious, isn't it?—virtuous men must band together to build a perfect society somewhere. Who can question that a perfect society is possible? Who pauses to examine such a progressive intellectual axiom? If we accept the utopian axiom, then we accept the wisdom and justice of those who are striving for utopia, and, in the twentieth century, that has meant the Marxists, and specifically the Bolsheviks and their progeny and cousins. Once one embraces these intellectual and emotional fundaments, heaving them overboard becomes a superhuman exercise in self-condemnation that is simply too bloody painful for most people.

Indeed, the psychological impregnability of these defenses can persist to the point of self-annihilation. Stalin in 1949 ordered a round of purges throughout his empire. In Czechoslovakia 14 Party and government leaders were arrested, tortured, and ultimately tried in the 1952 purge trial. Eleven were hanged, many fervently believing, "Stalin doesn't know what is happening." Two of the three survivors were Eugen Loebl and Artur London. Loebl spent 14 years in prison before his "rehabilitation." Although he had been one of the Czech Communist Party leaders who in 1948 destroyed his nation's democratic regime for a "dictatorship of the proletariat," he became once more a minister in the Prague Spring government seeking to liberalize Czechoslovakia's one-party rule. After the 1968 Soviet invasion he broke with Communism and sought refuge in the United States. In contrast, Artur London, though he fled Westward also, still professed to be a believing Communist. This sturdy survivor of both Nazi and Communist concentration camps wrote a blazing book, *The Confession*, proclaiming the Stalinist tortures far more diabolical than the Nazi brutality. His book became a dramatic movie depicting the extended torture of Stalin's purge-trial victims. Yet London argued that the atrocities were all somehow an accident and it would be different "next time."

While theaters were showing the London film in 1971, I encountered Loebl in Washington and asked him how he could account for his former comrade's strange mental gymnastic in clinging to the Communist dream. Loebl's answer: "I had a discussion with him in prison after the trial. I had the impression then that he would not take the easy course of excusing our whole experience as a mistake of the underlings or *apparatchiki*, but would instead see that it is inherent in the system: see that all that happened under Stalin was not a deviation but is theoretically built into the concepts of Marx. But it seems my impression was wrong.

"To apply to the world a theory developed before 1850, even if it were correct at that time, when all social problems have changed—all of us who advocated the theory in *this* century bear a grave moral responsibility, even though we have suffered terribly for our mistake. To face this fact, to question this dream, is a painful experience and some of us can go through the pain. And some cannot."

The pain of facing Stalin and the pleasure of hating Hitler—a primitive idealization that affected so many of our older generation of intellectuals for so long—continue to this day to affect those who write and read books about these two twentieth-century titans of terrorism and genocide. Thus the disparity in broadcast and print productions about the two of them, and in audience ratings, book sales, and circulation figures, is a rough measure of an intellectual illness or immaturity among us. It is a melancholy measure. □

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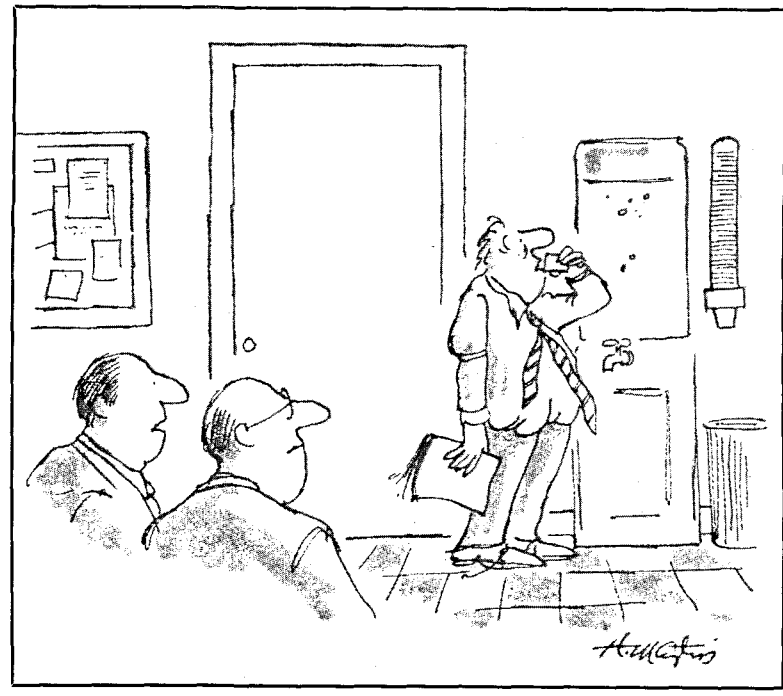
help !!!!

Negative Portents

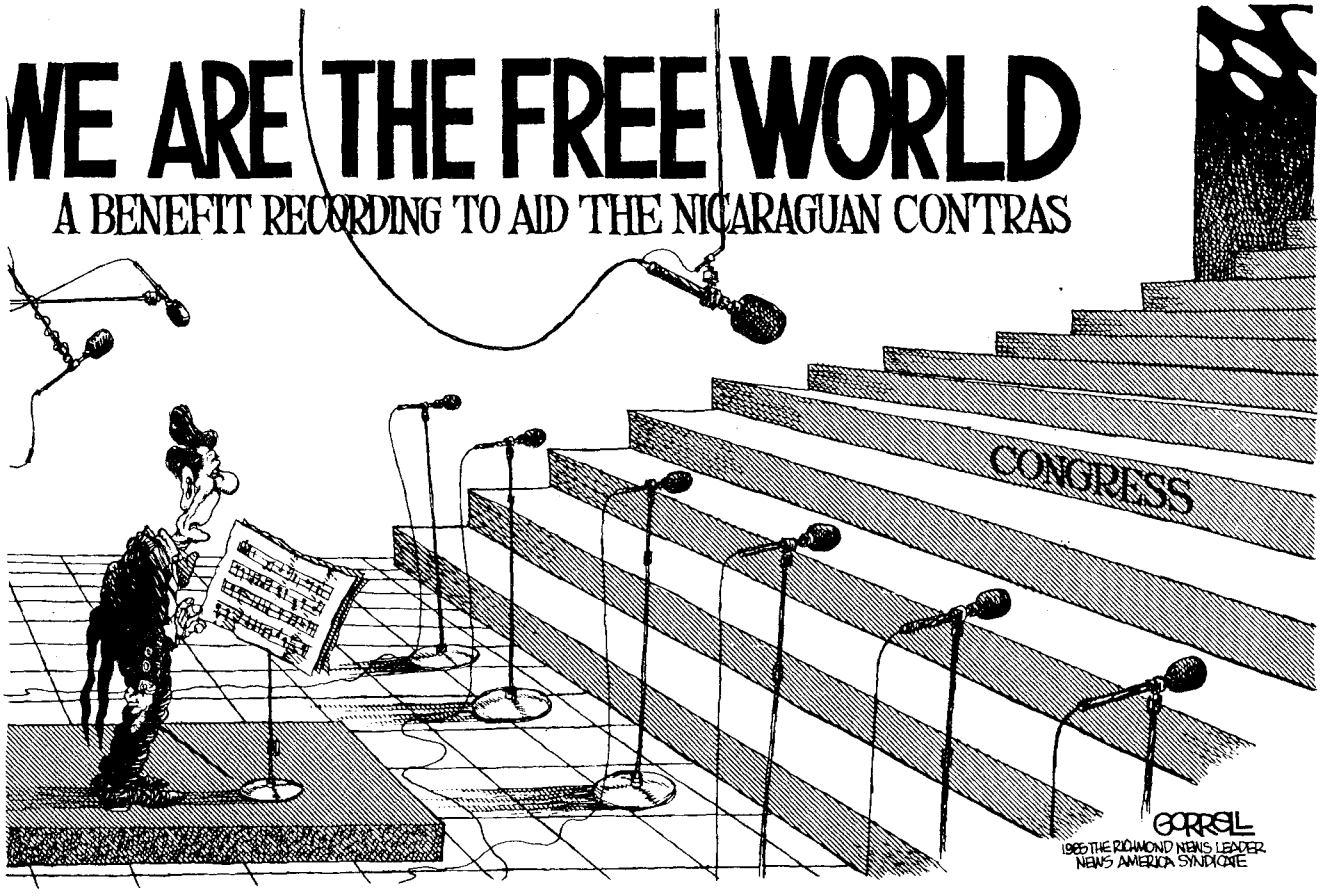
I see Pan Am's Pacific routes
Are going down financial chutes
And Coca-Cola's being laced
With glop to rival Pepsi's taste.
I don't say these events portend
A speed-up toward a nasty end,
But like the man who wears a truss,
They're definitely not a plus.

W. H. VON DREELE



Martin, *Punch*/Rotheo

"Looking at Holligan it's hard to believe he possesses strong leadership and supervisory skills, is self-motivated, has a proven track record, is enterprising, energetic, creative, degreed, and seeks a challenge."



"OKAY, THEN....MAYBE JUST A MOMENT OF SILENCE?..."

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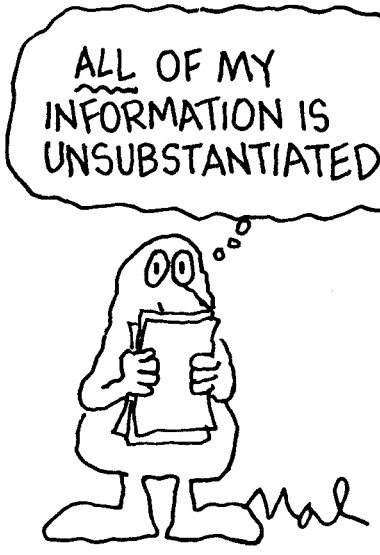

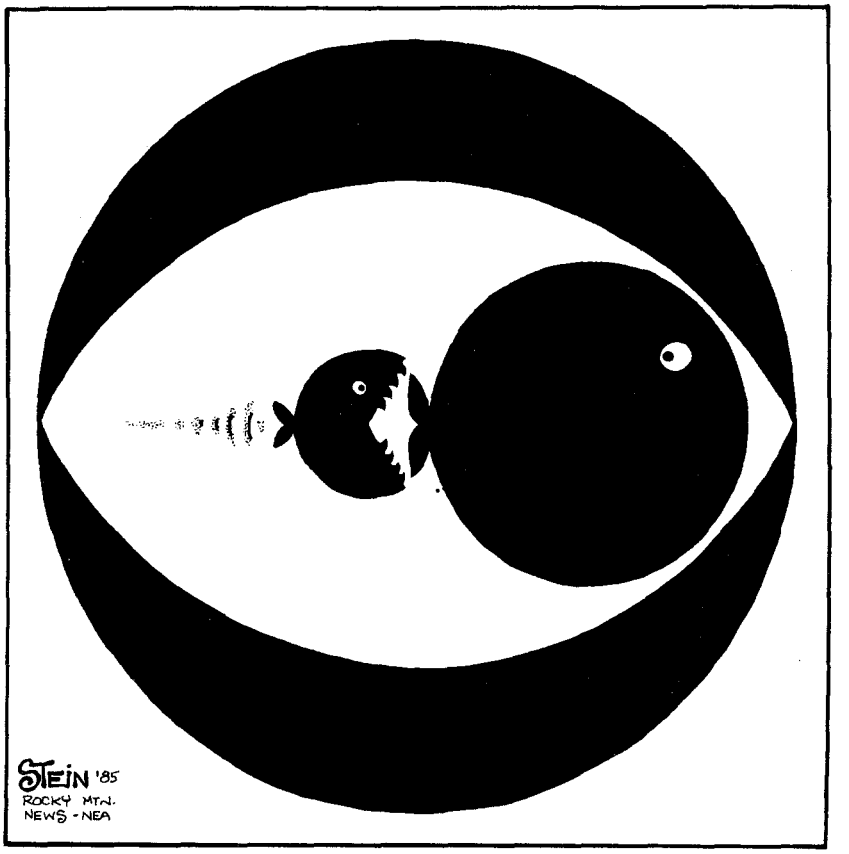

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THE END OF WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE

A WEEK BEFORE the German surrender I was at Canadian Army headquarters in Holland preparing to drive through the disintegrating *Wehrmacht* and reach Bremen ahead of our document-destroying infantry. Then that same day I broke my ankle demonstrating to a sergeant how to ride a motorcycle across a plowed field. The war's closing days found me in Leavesden General Hospital near London.

April 29, 1945

The last agony of Germany plays itself out and I am not there. This morning I might have been driving to Bremen in a scout car. I shall miss the inevitable conclusion, worse luck. The radio in the ward goes the whole day long, pouring out the threadbare tunes, soapy voices of the announcers, giving the boys what they want wherever they may be. I remember the British major with the Military Cross in Grave saying that to punish the Germans properly we ought to forbid all music on their radio except American swing.

April 30, 1945

May tomorrow, a thin layer of snow on the green grass this morning. I fear it will hurt the fruit blossoms. Mussolini is shot, Hitler rumored to be dead or dying, Himmler asking for some kind of terms, and the whole front collapsing, the end, after 12 years, of the Thousand-Year Reich.

May 1, 1945

Pictures show Mussolini and his mistress dangling, head down, in the Piazzale Loreto in Milan, the crowds spitting on his body—no doubt many of the same ones who earlier cheered him. Miserable poltroon—and yet earlier received by the Pope, praised by Churchill, a flattering introduction to his *Life* by the American ambassador, even good relations with the USSR.

May 2, 1945

Last night came the announcement that Hitler had shot himself in his chancellery yesterday, at least more of an ending than Mussolini's clown's end in cowardice and venery. His evil instincts grasped the tangled pattern of our era and the reaction against reason, sensing intuitively the dark places of the heart beneath the surface intelligence. And from those dark places have come the abominations of Belsen and Vught and Breendonck and Lublin and Dachau—beasts and perverts maddened by the lust for cruelty. Yet with it all, Hitler would have fitted Carlyle's Greatness category. He changed our age.

May 4, 1945

The Germans in Italy surrendered yesterday. Just now the announcement over the air of the surrender in Denmark, Holland, and northern Germany. It is the end except for gathering up a few fragments and pockets. For all the dead and all the years, the radio pounds out the American AEF programs, the same turns, the same pop music. The Germans at least played the movement from the Bruckner symphony to announce Hitler's death.

May 7, 1945

I am out on the terrace. Behind me is a linden tree, the leaves still light and glossy spring green. In front of me a little plot of grass with buttercups and seeded dandelions. All afternoon the planes have been going over, Spits and Thunderbolts, Mosquitoes, Lancasters towing gliders. Someone just now stuck his head out of the door and said: "Well, it's all over, it ended half an hour ago." The sun is warm on me, the air hazy and full of dissolving cumulus. Here are the beds on the terrace, one light blue blanket, one bright red to each. The Sister comes in with a tray containing tots of whisky. An orderly then appears and says everyone is Confined to Barracks. For me it doesn't matter. I had a fresh cast on my leg this morning and can't move

(Continues on page 53)

Mr. Russell, an American, enlisted in the Canadian Army before the United States entered the war and rose to the rank of captain in Canadian intelligence.

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THE LAST BEST HOPE AT FORTY

THE FORTIETH anniversary of the United Nations is upon us, and I decided a few weeks ago, in the closing days of Jeane Kirkpatrick's tenure as our ambassador, to honor the occasion by visiting the United Nations' New York headquarters. For good measure, it turned out to be International Youth Year, and the final year of the Decade of Equality for Women. With no little sense of awe I made my way into the General Assembly building and past the Meditation Room—its "altar" is a massive block of iron ore, no doubt donated by Sweden—and soon enough I found myself at a people's checkpoint, where I was required to surrender my driver's license for the duration of my visit.

On to the Public Information Department. As part of the overall charade called "World Peace," a number of UN employees seemed to be playing a subsidiary game called "Newspaper." All around me was an extraordinary quantity of press releases and a forbidding array of UN documents ("UNDRO News," "UNCTAD Bulletin"), with chaps coming out of cubbyholes every few minutes to replace old press releases with new ones—Assembly Plenary take 7, for example, incorporating some fresh-off-the-press comments by the delegate from the Ukraine. ("Aggressive activities of the imperialists," he advised, were "diverting vast sums into the arms race.")

I ventured to open a document titled *World Chronicle*. Therein an executive assistant to the secretary general, Emilio de Olivares, was responding to questions about sexism . . . at the UN! The moderator, evidently, was in a bite-the-hand mood. While women were seeking relief from "persecution of many centuries," he complained, the record of the UN "looks rather shabby." For example, "the average salary for men in the United Nations is $44,000 and for women is $27,000." He added that 82 per cent of all women in the UN are "clerks, typists, and so on." (Which tells you how well they are paid, especially remembering that UN employees are exempt from federal, state, and local taxes. According to the National Education Association, the 2.1 million classroom teachers in the United States earn an average of $23,546 a year.)

De Olivares shuffled his feet with embarrassment. "In general at the UN there is no bias," he said. "It just happens. I don't know why . . . We want somebody to come and tell us what we can do." There should be plenty of applicants.

Dashiki Modern

THE UN ambiance is a familiar one: Call it Dashiki Socialist, with Scandinavian trimmings. Struggle for peace, dove and olive branch, SWAPO poster with upthrust fist on field-of-blood: recumbent Henry Moore bronze doughnuts (a 1950s touch, showing respect for tradition), Fact Sheet No. 38 on Disarmament, Afro teak carvings (they have much to teach us): Bangladesh blouses, Danish modern chairs, Marc Chagall in background, and a pervasive acronymic bafflement. (Who among *NR* readers can decipher UNDRO, WIPO, UNEP, COPUOS, UNIDO, UNITAR?)

But somehow it all adds up to a depressingly familiar message: The West still hasn't learned (after so much instruction) that it is sinful and sexist and belligerent; SWAPO is good, South Africa bad; PLO good, Israel bad. World full of victims—five hundred million disabled; soon enough five hundred million senior citizens. Truly global dimensions, more money needed for population control, disarmament, equality for women, recognition of SWAPO (Namibia is evidently next on the list to go socialist, but somehow it has fallen behind schedule).

I joined up with a high-school group being led about on an ideological guided tour by a tall Haitian who aspired to represent his country on the Security Council. We admired the large Security Council mural by a Norwegian, symbolizing hope and rebirth from World War II ashes. Our guide reminded us of "the stark reality of the African economic condition" and the need for a "new economic order." The UN goal was to bring people together, he said. There were 51 member nations when the Charter was hammered out in San Francisco in 1945. Today there are 159. "So they have been very successful in that, but getting them to cooperate is another matter."

Economic and Social Council chamber next. Furniture from Sweden. The ceiling deliberately unfinished (symbolizing progress yet to be made in overcoming sexism, racism, and imperialism, no doubt). Our lanky Haitian told us that in this august chamber delegates discuss "social issues, human rights, and world social and economic problems," which account for 80 per cent of the UN's work.

He told us that the U.S. contribution to the UN was $450 million a year—perhaps a third of the true figure—and that this was "one-fourth what the world spends on the military every day." The high-school children, scruffy and blue-jeaned, just looked at the man, and you couldn't tell what they were thinking.

I went across First Avenue to the U.S. Mission. Here I met José Sorzano, Jeane Kirkpatrick's top assistant and a Cuban émigré who came to the U.S. in 1961. He started out with $5 in his pocket and a job cooking French fries in a D.C. Hot Shoppe. (Today, with Mrs. Kirkpatrick out of the government and her successor, Vernon A. Walters, awaiting confirmation, Sorzano is interim chargé of the mission.)

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Unlike many officials in the foreign-policy arena, Sorzano is not afraid to speak his mind. He told me about the "kickbacks" the Soviet employees in the Secretariat illegally pay their government, netting it "an annual take between $30 million and $40 million in hard currency"; about the new $73-million UN conference center in Addis Ababa, "when the UN already has a conference center in Addis Ababa"; about the high (75 per cent) proportion of the UN budget that is spent on staff salaries, pensions, and perks; and about the practice of bloc voting, which ensures that the UN cannot do what it was supposed to do—stop wars between countries like Iran and Iraq. (For such "nonaligned" countries, the UN is more useful as a forum in which to unite and accuse the West than to divide against one another. The former yields bonuses such as income transfers; the latter leads to meddlesome observers, peace-keeping contingents in blue helmets, and goodness knows what other forms of imperialism in disguise.)

A Fond Farewell

CHARLES LICHENSTEIN of the Heritage Foundation was waiting for Jeane Kirkpatrick in the area outside Sorzano's office. He was the deputy representative who in 1983 cheered many Americans with his suggestion, expressed with sardonic courtesy, that if member nations decided to move the international organization elsewhere, "We will put no impediment in your way, and we will be at dockside bidding you a fond farewell as you set off into the sunset." (Lichenstein told me that the U.S. Mission received more than two thousand letters praising his statement, and that he had "been stopped and congratulated by practically every foot patrolman in the New York Police Department.")

Sorzano came out of his office and sat down with Lichenstein. That day's *New York Times* carried the headline "Ethiopians Blame West for Famine; Officials Say Disaster Was Foreseen and Aid Was Late."

"Under Haile Selassie, Ethiopia was a food-surplus country," said Lichenstein, a slim wiry figure who evidently has few illusions about life and none whatever about the UN. "If it were Chad, the argument against giving them aid would be that its government is too unstable," he said, drawing attention to the unstated ideological basis of UN operations. He lit up a cigarette and added, mimicking the selectively applied UN reasoning: "We should be teaching them to fish, not giving them fish."

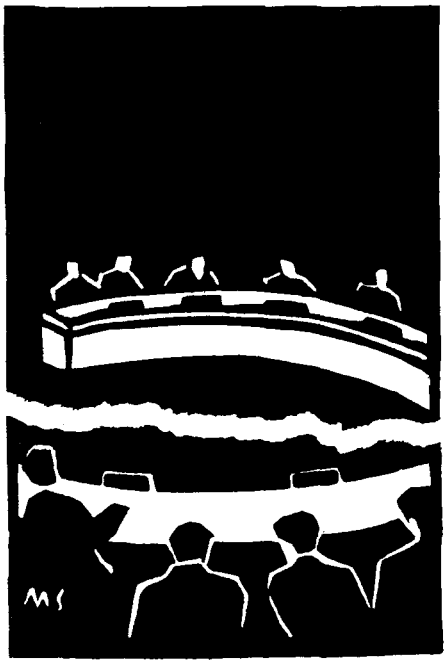
Sorzano nodded as if he had heard this said in countless committees. He himself had told Peter McPherson of the Agency for International Development that food aid to Ethiopia was being sold to prop up the regime, but McPherson just said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

"In 1981 Mengistu was putting teenagers in boiling oil," said Lichenstein. "He's an unusually bloodthirsty guy."

Jeane Kirkpatrick came out of her office and we went downstairs and across the street to the General Assembly. There would be some speechifying and voting on Namibia, apparently. As we crossed the street Mrs. Kirkpatrick quoted Harold Lasswell's definition of corruption—"The use of public office for private gain." But I wasn't sure whether this was meant as a condemnation of the UN, or what.

Lichenstein stood off to one side of the General Assembly floor and exchanged greetings with a number of delegates, including the French ambassador, who, he said, would soon be leaving because he had "had a falling out" with François Mitterrand.

"I've had good personal relations here," Lichenstein said, "and I've been struck by the number of people who want to say hello . . . Oh my God, here comes one of my least favorite people, a real puffed-up peacock. Mexico was on the Security Council, and I really got to know the delegates there." It turned out that he was referring to Porfirio Muñoz Ledo, who recently became involved with the New York police when a hapless motorist parked his car partly in the ambassador's diplomatic parking space. According to an Associated Press account, Muñoz Ledo "allegedly pulled a gun and smashed one of the car's windows."



Mrs. Kirkpatrick read her Namibia speech and then five votes were taken, the United States losing on all five.

"In spite of the vote today it is possible to win," an optimistic Kirkpatrick aide told me. "We've been working at a number of levels. Earlier, winning was not even the question."

One sensible change is a congressional amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, making it possible to reduce aid to countries that vote against us at the UN. Zimbabwe had its foreign aid so cut, after repeatedly voting against us in the Security Council. (But people I spoke to at the U.S. Mission could recall no other application of this amendment.)

After the Namibia votes I asked Mrs. Kirkpatrick if she thought we should leave the United Nations. "It would be a terrible affront to the decent opinion of mankind," she said. "I don't think there is anything we can do except be effective. The situation here was indescribable three or four years ago. Even our best friends wouldn't vote with us."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick often speaks of incremental improvement at the United Nations. But if it is implied that with continued effort we will one day turn the institution into a pro-American one, then we are due to be disappointed. Even current figures are discouraging. "Overall," Mrs. Kirkpatrick told Congress in 1984, "the nations of the nonaligned movement and Western nations agreed on about 20 per cent of their votes; while 80 per cent of the time the nonaligned and the Soviet bloc were in agreement." By February 1985, however, Elaine Sciolino reported in the *New York Times* that "in 1984 the United States voted with the majority of the UN members 14 per cent of the time, compared with 21 per cent of the time in 1983."

Lichenstein agreed when I said that "things at the UN can only improve

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up to a certain point, and that point is still a long, long way short of what we might define as acceptable, and the Soviets as unacceptable."

The most popular theory making the rounds of diehard defenders of the United Nations is that the organization can be used to our advantage because it is a place where the Soviets can be embarrassed. Daniel Patrick Moynihan makes the same point in his book *A Dangerous Place* (the second book of that title about the UN).

Charles Lichenstein worked on the Security Council and was there at the time the Soviets shot down the Korean airliner. "They are not embarrassed," he said. "In fact, they are virtually unembarrassable. They look right back across the table at you and say; 'What ever are you talking about?' Read the UN debates on the KAL. They are very instructive. We didn't embarrass the Soviets on the KAL." And the Security Council resolution on Afghanistan did not even mention the Soviet Union by name.

Another proposal frequently heard these days, and from such UN supporters as former Secretary General Kurt Waldheim, former U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry, and Carlos Romulo of the Philippines, the last living signer of the San Francisco document, is to revise the Charter. Abolition of the Security Council veto has been proposed (which today would work to the Soviets' advantage, since the U.S. now uses the veto far more frequently than the Soviets), and weighted voting. (As things stand, the United States pays 25 per cent of the cost of operating the UN. The Soviets pay 10.3 per cent and this percentage is steadily declining, because "they have a strange way of converting rubles into dollars," according to an expert on UN finances within the Belgian Mission. About sixty new countries each pay 0.01 per cent of the cost. And each of the above—the U.S. paying 25 per cent, the USSR paying 10.3 per cent, and the newcomers paying 0.01 per cent each—has one vote out of 159 in the General Assembly.)

But no such rewriting of the Charter is at all likely. The permanent seats on the Security Council reflect the distribution of world power in 1945, and Britain and France would oppose any change for that reason alone: They might lose their permanent seats and their vetoes. The Soviet Union would also oppose any change, because the system now works to its advantage. Likewise, the State Department would oppose any change, because, as Lichenstein said, it would fear that at any reconvened conference "the whole thing might come apart."

All Allies Together

You might well ask, What went wrong? The one point that critics and defenders agree on is that at the outset expectations for the United Nations were too high. "Oh, what a great day in history this can be!" said President Truman when the Charter was signed, and enthusiastic articles about the new organization appeared in such unlikely places as *Reader's Digest* ("What's Right with the UN" by James B. Reston; "The ABC Plan for World Peace" by Ely Culbertson) and *Life* ("A New and Better Charter Came Out of the Reliable Soil of Free Discussion").

Not so. Free discussion is just that —free—and no one in San Francisco forty years ago seemed to notice the contradiction that stares you in the face today and that even Kurt Waldheim concedes. How can an organization both respect national sovereignty and maintain world peace? Respect for sovereignty plus concern about peace turns out to be a formula for converting the UN into a stage from which accusations and conflict can be magnified. This has served the Soviets' purpose admirably, because accusations and conflict are the basic tools of their foreign policy.

The most serious error of the San Francisco conference, however, was that its participants so naïvely assumed that, because the Nazis had been defeated in World War II, evil itself had been vanquished and henceforth nations would merely have to proclaim their good intentions and set them forth on parchment with signatures appended, and they would in due course be incorporated into a new world order. In particular, because the "Allies" had been on the same side in World War II, they really were in agreement. Of course, most of them were, but the Soviets wanted something different: world domination, and the worldwide triumph of socialism. They still do and they don't bother to hide it. They have been greatly abetted in their struggle for such an outcome by the United Nations, and by the hundred-odd nations created since its founding. Most of these countries do not necessarily relish the prospect either of Soviet domination or of socialism, but in recent decades they have shared with the Soviets a common interest in denouncing the United States, this being the most effective method of arousing guilt and hence extracting resources from us. The UN has proved to be the ideal platform from which to mount such a campaign of vilification.

Nothing better encapsulates the atmosphere in San Francisco forty years ago than a marvelous photograph that appeared in *Life* magazine in July 1945. The caption reads: "At the conclusion of the San Francisco conference the Charter of the United Nations was bundled off to a waiting plane and gingerly placed in a 75-pound fireproof safe equipped with a small parachute. Attached to the safe was a stern inscription: 'Finder—Do Not Open! Notify the Department of State, Washington, D.C.' Chief custodian was Conference Secretary General Alger Hiss, shown here with the Charter at the end of the cross-country trip. Three days after the Charter arrived safely in Washington, President Truman took it with him to the Senate and made his plea for Senate ratification."

Since then there have been perhaps a hundred wars and armed conflicts, some say more, and maybe ten or 15 million people have died in them. "There has hardly ever been a bloodier period of history," Charles Lichenstein told me.

The United Nations will collapse eventually. It is today a corrupt and degenerate institution, and such organizations cannot long survive. Meanwhile, as long as it lasts, Secretary General Pérez de Cuéllar and Assistant Secretary General Brian Urquhart (who has been with the UN since its founding) earnestly and sincerely shuttle back and forth between Lebanon and the Persian Gulf, between Teheran and Baghdad, in the UN's ancient F27 Fokker Friendship plane. At the airport the other day the secretary general told reporters that the "gap" between Iran and Iraq was "as wide as ever." But, gas attacks or no gas attacks, the good news was that the two countries "wanted peace." Just as they did forty years ago, when they signed the UN Charter. □

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RETURN OF THE BIG LIE

JUDGING BY media coverage, the three most significant men in Canada today are Brian Mulroney, Ernst Zundel, and James Keegstra. Mr. Mulroney gets somewhat less sympathetic press coverage than the other two—he is merely the prime minister, who stands in the polls even taller today than when he pulled off the biggest landslide in history. The other two are neo-Nazi zealots.

There are many days on which one or both of these self-avowed admirers of Hitler gets more media time than the government and opposition combined. Their claims to fame include their repeated assertions that the Holocaust never happened but is the fraudulent creation of an international Jewish conspiracy to raise money for Zionism. They have for years devoted themselves to convincing any who will listen that Canada and the United States are dominated by Jews who control the media and banks.

Why, at a time when so many anniversaries of events in World War II are being marked, does this sort of paranoia rate page one? Canada's contribution to the war effort was disproportionately high for the nation's size, and few Allied countries suffered greater casualties. Is Nazism a meaningful force in Canada today?

The reason for this unreasonable degree of coverage of such unreasonable men is that each has been subjected to criminal proceedings for his activities. Zundel was charged and convicted of knowingly spreading false news, and Keegstra is currently defending himself on a charge under a new section of the Canadian Criminal Code—promoting hatred of an identifiable racial or religious group.

Zundel's trial ended in conviction, with a sentence of 15 months in jail, and possible deportation. (He remains a German national, although he has lived in Canada for many years.) The conviction and sentence are under appeal, and a final verdict may be a year or more away.

His trial was long and sensational. Because a constituent ingredient of the offense is knowledge, Zundel's defense counsel, Douglas Christie, spent weeks calling a string of so-called "expert witnesses" who tried to convince the jury that not only were Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, and Dachau not slaughterhouses, they actually were fine Christian recreation facilities for Jews.

The media faithfully reported, without a scintilla of a sneer, testimony by one defense witness who claimed to be an expert in cyanide; using sketch diagrams of gas chambers, he tried to prove that cyanide would not have worked in the areas designated. Other witnesses made it to the front page by discussing the smell of roasting human flesh, ridiculing prosecution testimony from death-camp survivors.

Keegstra was a history teacher in rural Alberta who spent 14 years rewriting the history of this century for his students. Students got first-class honors marks from him if they referred in their essays to an existing Jewish conspiracy of Communism and diabolism. One student testified that Keegstra said Pierre Trudeau was simply a Jewish tool who should probably be murdered to save Christian society, except that our Jewish masters would just install another puppet.

That it took 14 years for local residents to complain about Keegstra and get him fired as a teacher is sad enough. What is worse is that he was mayor at the time. He is now a mechanic, but remains astonishingly popular in his home town. As one ex-student testified recently, "He predicted an era of thought control in which he would be put on trial for his views."

Canada's best-known expert on civil liberties, Alan Borovoy of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, has opposed both prosecutions. The "false news" charge against Zundel was particularly unfortunate, because it's based on a fourteenth-century statute that hasn't been invoked for years. The anti-hate law being used against Keegstra is also a dubious use of the criminal law. As Borovoy notes, this law was actually used in a short-lived attempt to prosecute some demonstrators in Toronto who were distributing "Yankee Go Home" pamphlets during a Shriners parade.

The Keegstra trial promises to be long and nauseating, because Mr. Christie is once again counsel for the defense. Already, the cumulative bombardment of the citizenry with Nazi historical revisionism has caused confusion and, in many cases, doubt about the reality of the Holocaust. Many members of the Jewish community have been subjected to considerable anguish as they find their own horrible recollections scornfully rejected.

ONE DOES NOT need to share Mr. Borovoy's civil-libertarian purity to conclude that Zundel and Keegstra should not be prosecuted under a dubious medieval law and a dubious modern law, respectively. But those errors by the government hardly justify the meticulous evenhandedness of the media in their coverage. A mere pamphleteer should not be characterized as an expert, just because he has spent years disseminating lies.

Indeed, when the last of these sorry stories is told, the public may conclude that the real villain remains unprosecuted—the media, for disseminating with all the power of modern technology false news likely to cause harm to an identifiable group and, what is even more important, to the whole process of historical understanding. □

Mr. Coxe is NR*'s Canadian correspondent and a vice president of Daly Gordon Securities.*

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RED HATS AND HINGES

MAY 13 is the day on which Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is said to have appeared in a vision to three children in the poor and remote village of Fatima, in Portugal, in 1917, in a series of apparitions that predicted the bloodshed of the coming decades of this century.

In those apparitions in 1917, six months before the Bolshevik Revolution, Our Lady was reported already to be focusing upon terrible events to occur in Russia, upon a mortal threat to the human race, and upon —surprisingly to some—an impending spiritual renewal within Russia.

These apparitions, for decades treated cautiously by Church authorities, seem to have influenced Pope Pius XI to request all Catholics throughout the world to say special prayers at the end of every Mass "for the conversion of Russia." Daily and on Sundays, these prayers streamed Godward, even as some seven million persons (from 1931 to 1934) were being deliberately starved to death by Stalin in the Ukraine for ruthless political purposes.

These prayers continued as the young Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and so many other brave spirits experienced the vast Soviet Gulag, came in contact afresh with the inalienable rights and duties of conscience, and discovered anew the God Who is the Light from which all human consciences take light.

I have long thought that those humble prayers, which during impatient childhood we often rushed, must have been among the most fertile that Christians have ever prayed. The courage we see now in the territories oppressed by the USSR seems to have arisen as if in almost unexpected answer.

Thus, too, on May 13, 1981, as Pope John Paul II was preparing to renew Pius XI's encyclical of 1931, *Quadragesimo Anno*, he was felled by the bullets of a would-be assassin possibly linked to that same USSR. Pope John Paul II is said to believe that Our Lady protected him that day. Exactly a year later, he personally visited Fatima to render thanks, to seek light, to pray lest worse descend.

All this background is necessary because a great drama is now being played out. On May 25, 1985, Pope John Paul II will invest 28 new cardinals. Conspicuous among them are several on the front lines of the increasingly desperate worldwide battle between Catholicism and Marxism, a battle for hundreds of millions of souls around the world—in Latin America, Asia, Africa, and elsewhere in this "world split apart."

This battle is especially poignant today because Marxism is no longer merely a hostile power outside the Church. As a new, gnostic interpretation of the meaning of Christianity—a highly politicized meaning—it has become one of the largest and most rapidly gaining internal heresies in Church history. Many innocents are, at least in part, swept up in it. Thus, the Pope's choices for "the red hat" of the cardinalate have fresh importance.

To be made a cardinal is not, in the strict sense, to be given new priestly or sacramental powers. As in Latin *cardo* is a hinge, so cardinals are the hinges on which the worldly future of the Church turns: principally, they elect the next pope. They are, as it were, the turning points of the future.

Where is the Church especially on trial today? Ethiopia is now, like the Ukraine fifty years ago, being assaulted by a manmade, politically motivated famine; the Pope named Archbishop Tzadua of Addis Ababa a cardinal. So also he designated the peasant-archbishop of Managua, Miguel Obando y Bravo. And, as if to symbolize his commitment to liberty of conscience and institutions of human rights, the new and beleaguered archbishop of Santiago, Chile, Fresno Larraín.

Also, in Poland, Archbishop Gulbinowicz of Wroclaw, a great friend of Solidarity; the leader of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, Archbishop Lubachivsky; the deathly ill Archbishop Deskur of Poland (now in Rome); and Archbishop Jozef Tomko, a Slovak, the crucially important secretary general of the Vatican Synod of Bishops.

The greatly esteemed priest-social thinker of Italy, Pietro Pavan, so long influential in the development of Catholic social doctrine for a new age, is another. So also are new cardinals for the Philippines (Archbishop Vidal) and Nigeria (Archbishop Arinze).

MEANWHILE, the struggle in the Church is not only against Marxism. It is also against a new gnosticism: a make-it-yourself faith of heartfelt reinterpretation.

Some writers in the *National Catholic Reporter* are fond of bathing their stories in the mythic light of a struggle between "the old Church" and "the new Church," as if between *veterodoxy* and *neodoxy* (old teaching and new teaching). This is a serious error. There is truly only *orthodoxy*, ever new, ever old. Vatican II pumped new life into the Church, nowhere more so than in Poland under the leadership of the young and vigorous Karol Wojtyla.

No one wishes to go backward. The real question is which vision of the future is faithful to *orthodoxy*: to the Church as She is meant to be, was, is, and will be.

By reputation, all the new cardinals representing major sees—Utrecht, Munich, Lyon, Bologna, Florence, Quebec, New York, and Boston—have a special concern for renewing the Church in its own special identity, against the illusions that fickle human beings always wish to intrude into it.

Many think that this is another hour of special "crisis" in the Church, of which there have been so many: one of those decisive turning points. The hinges are now in place. □

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ABROAD

ROME *Not Dying*

No matter how many arrests are made, the supply of Mafiosi seems endless. Dr. Riccardo Boccia, newly appointed chief of the country-wide campaign against the Mafia, acknowledged that this was the case in spite of hundreds of arrests, some of them highly publicized, made in recent months through the confessions of Mafia *pentiti*. "Grave blows have been inflicted upon the Godfathers," Boccia said, "but the organization is not dying at all. Its power is still alive and strong." Boccia had just returned from Sicily where he had gone to investigate one of the most savage Mafia crimes ever recorded—a mother and her six-year-old twin sons killed when a car bomb exploded in Trapani in western Sicily. The bomb was intended for Carlo Palermo, a public prosecutor recently transferred to the island. It was so powerful it blew the children's bodies two hundred yards away. Meanwhile, 37 suspects, many of them outwardly respectable business and professional men, have been indicted in Milan as belonging to the Mafia's "White Collar Department."

UTRECHT *Confronting*

Of all Pope John Paul II's foreign travels, his May 11 to 15 trip to Holland is probably the most difficult visit he has yet paid to a Roman Church in the West. Dutch Catholics have long been in the vanguard of liberal opposition to Rome and in particular to the conservative rulings and orientation of John Paul II. In the last twenty years, Dutch laymen, priests, and theologians alike have tended to regard ecclesiastical modes as part of the social revolution that has made Holland a cockpit of domestic strife. The crisis of the Dutch Church cannot be blamed entirely on this pontificate, however. Between 1966 and 1972, for example, attendance at Mass dropped from 64 to 40 per cent of registered Catholics, and is now at an even lower figure. The Dutch are indignant about the conservative character of the Pope's episcopal appointments; however, there is a new papal nuncio in Holland, the Australian Archbishop Edward Cassidy, who presents himself as a "force for reconciliation," and reconciliation is certainly the theme of the papal visit. The Vatican hopes the Dutch will see in John Paul II the emblem of the historic papacy, the strongest appeal that can be made in these circumstances.

LONDON *Soaring Costs*

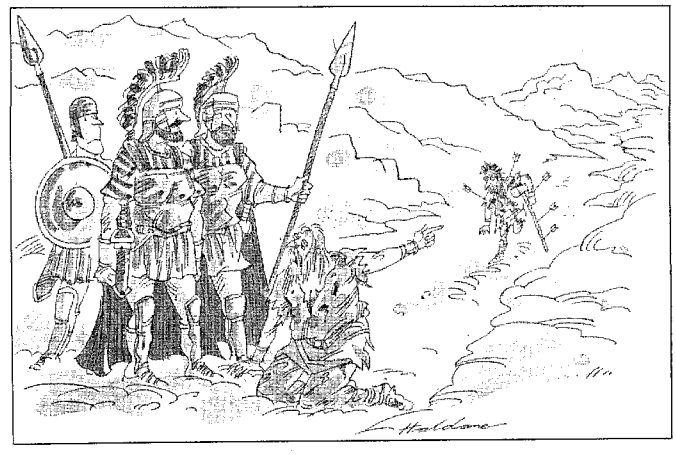
American travelers in Europe have long realized that air fares charged by European airlines within the Continental limits are far higher than those for equivalent distances in the United States. Now the Adam Smith Institute has worked out just how much higher: on the average 2.6 times, and sometimes three times. The report said that the American air-travel market had grown 11.2 per cent after four years of deregulation, and that 14 new airlines had been created by 1983. In Europe, it continued, "there are too few planes flying and too few destinations at too high cost. A dose of competition is long overdue." Airline staff productivity is one-third lower than in the United States as a result. If the 18 European airlines were to achieve American productivity levels, they would have to cut their ground crews by 100,000 employees. For example, the 209 miles between Paris and London are flown at a per-mile cost of 47 cents. The flight between New York and Washington, 203 miles, costs 17 cents per mile. At the other end of the scale, it costs 29 cents a mile to fly the 1,600 miles between Madrid and Stockholm, and only 8 cents a mile to fly the equivalent distance between Houston and San Francisco.

SALISBURY *The Stones*

The great stone monoliths that make up the famous primeval site of Stonehenge near here have long been attributed to pre-Christian construction by Druids for use in their seasonal rites. Now the National Trust, the site's guardian, has decreed that Druids, of whom a remnant persists in modern Britain, are no longer welcome there and has canceled the druidic ceremony of the summer solstice in June. It seems that the Druids' activities at Stonehenge had become so closely linked to a pop music festival on the same ground that one could not be dismissed without dismissing the other. Whether the jazz or the Druids were the chief attraction, thirty thousand people were in the habit of camping around the ancient shrine, some for as long as six weeks. The Bronze Age barrows became strewn with garbage, and motorbikes tore up the surface of the burial ground, threatening what the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission describes as "one of the most sensitive sites" in Britain.

BARCELONA *Fine Points of Working*

The prostitutes and transvestites of Barcelona are trying to form a labor union to protect their activities following a series of recent clashes with the police. Ten folders of projected bylaws for the union have been collected for presentation to the appropriate authorities of the municipal government. But already legal problems have been encountered: According to present law, the petitioners may have to form not a union but a cultural or civic association. The principal stumbling block is the fact, according to legal experts, that the syndicalist movement in Spain would not recognize the activities of such groups as real "work."



Haldane, *Punch* / Rothco

"And now, for a detailed report on today's events at Thermopylae, I hand you over to Polycrates, our special war correspondent."

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SPILLING KREMLIN BEANS

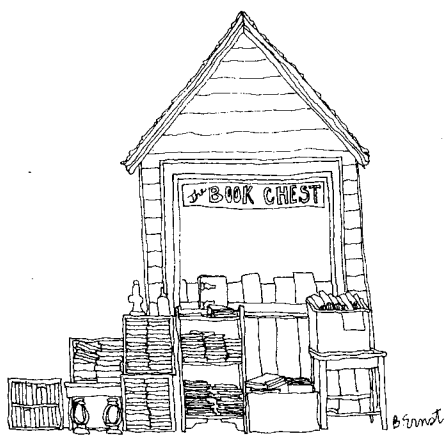
Francis B. Randall

Breaking with Moscow, by Arkady N. Shevchenko (Knopf, 378 pp., $18.95)

KAK IZVESTNO—as is well known—Arkady Shevchenko was a top advisor to the Soviet Foreign Ministry and the Politburo and an Under Secretary General of the United Nations who became the highest-ranking Soviet official ever to go over to the West. He tells his story here: the believing Communist youth who joined the Foreign Ministry in 1957 and rose rapidly through the ranks to advise and hobnob with the tyrants of the East; the rising diplomat whose faith was broken by Communist oppression and dreariness at home and by KGB suspicion and surveillance of him no matter how high he rose, who was captivated by the freedom and material wealth of the West from the moment he laid eyes on the piles of fruits and vegetables outside New York City grocery stores, which would have been "snatched away" in the hungry USSR; the high official who defected to the U.S.A. in 1975 and was persuaded by the CIA, through Dostoyevskian supportive manipulation, to stay in high rank and spy for us for three more years; the tragic man who made his escape a step ahead of the KGB, which shipped his wife home by force and murdered her there, a "suicide." Two lives under Communism.

He spills the beans here. (It is always possible that this is one more disinformation plot, but not at all likely.) Soviet subjects become diplomats to live abroad in greater freedom and comfort, but are constantly controlled, restrained, kept on short wages, spied on, and insulted by their own superiors and by the omnipresent KGB. In violation of oath and treaty, *every* Soviet official at the UN must be a spy for Moscow. (Independent members of the UN Secretariat know this and compensate accordingly.)

He spills some pretty big beans here, the true importance of the book, beyond the personal drama well told by Shevchenko and, probably, American collaborators. A dinner-table companion's portrait of Khrushchev, bubbling, adventuristic, liberating and cruel by turns, rushing in where Party bureaucrats feared to tread. A conference-table companion's portrait of Brezhnev, of "low intellect," not even in the plot that overthrew Khrushchev but picked as Party Secretary later for his nullity, who politicked his way to real dominance and then sank into years of illness, plodding like a robot through public appearances while heavily medicated to dull his agonies. Above all, a detailed picture of Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister since 1957, the abiding patron of Shevchenko, who admires him deeply: an intelligent, erudite man, a devoted, "serious" worker who admires only "serious" people, an un-praising but loyal chief, a flexible and effective diplomat, a faithful husband and father, but long since isolated from the real people at home and abroad. Shevchenko asserts and richly illustrates Gromyko's consistent moderation (by the Kremlin's hostile standards), his conviction that the U.S.A. must be the USSR's partner for peace as well as rival for world domination. This is startling. The American view—held equally by the public and by government officials, by Republicans and by Democrats—is that grim Gromyko has been Moscow's Dr. No since 1943, that Gromyko's appearance means that the Kremlin refuses to agree or budge. If Shevchenko is right, we have systematically misinterpreted Soviet diplomacy for more than forty years. This picture cannot please Gromyko now and comes too late to help us much.



Some particular beans, the gems of spying: Yes, the KGB practices and promotes terror abroad. Few examples, and the Pope is not one of them; but Shevchenko heard that the KGB was behind the shooting down of Dag Hammarskjöld's plane in the Congo (for which rightists are often blamed). Fidel Castro turned to Communism on his own and had to convince Russia that he was sincere; his revolution was not originally a Moscow plot. He still insults and temper-tantrums his masters at intervals. The Kremlin did not kill John Kennedy but Castro may have.

Aram Bakshian Jr. has served as an aide to three Presidents, most recently as Director of Speechwriting for Ronald Reagan. His books and articles on politics, history, and the arts have been widely published in the U.S., the UK, and Western Europe.

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Thomas P. McDonnell is the editor of Blaze of Recognition: Daily Meditations from the Writings of Thomas Merton.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Painting and the Novel *and* The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis.

Francis B. Randall is a professor of Russian history and Communist studies at Sarah Lawrence College.

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It was Castro's idea, not Moscow's, to send twenty thousand Cuban troops to conquer Angola for Communism (our press has picked this one up). Khrushchev was overthrown more for his threatened shakeup of high Party bureaucrats than for his Cuban missile disaster.

The biggest beans concern Richard Nixon's visit to Moscow in 1972, the SALT negotiations of that year, and the peace in Vietnam. Gromyko and the more flexible bosses very much wanted Nixon's visit, the SALT treaty, and even more the (to us meaningless, to them vital) formal assent by America to "peaceful coexistence" and implied superpower parity. For this they were willing to let Nixon bomb Vietnam into submission and to press for the Paris Peace Accords whereby the Vietnam War was ended with South Vietnam being preserved as an independent, non-Communist state. This is the most important revelation of the whole book. If Shevchenko is right, the overwhelming majority opinion, in America and the rest of the world, that we were beaten in the Vietnam War and surrendered the country at Paris for a face-saving agreement that the Communists would wait a few years to take Saigon is false. If Shevchenko is right, Nixon, the Air Force, and Kissinger won the Vietnam War and the Paris peace, which the KGB and military super-hard-liners opposed. But then Watergate, Gerald Ford, and American lack of resolve let South Vietnam be lost to a renewed North Vietnamese push in 1975; Shevchenko says the Kremlin could not believe in such American weakness and stupidity. Shevchenko defected in 1978, too early to tell us about Iran, Afghanistan, Poland, or Central America.

Overall, Shevchenko warns us that there are no soft-liners in the Politburo, only hard-liners, who favor political methods, and super-hard-liners, who want more "direct force." "Soviet leaders are all aggressive, all hawks." "Détente is useful as a means of buying time for the Soviet Union." "The Kremlin is committed to a vision of the world under its control." "Expanding Soviet power to the point of world domination" is its goal for the next century. Is there a detailed timetable for world conquest? No, says Shevchenko. Moscow will grab what it can in the Third World as weaknesses arise, greatly helped by American inconstancy and divided public opinion, which the Kremlin never ceases to manipulate. Is Moscow planning an all-out nuclear war? "An unequivocal no," says Shevchenko. "The Soviet Union does not intend to achieve its goals by means of nuclear war . . . as long as the United States' strategic nuclear deterrent is strong enough"! Shevchenko was in no position to answer our questions about Soviet nuclear weaponry, and perhaps he is holding back his views on that for our government. But these words of overall judgment will be widely quoted.

Our peaceniks, who believe in peaceful Soviet intentions, will quote, "They consider the prospect of a worldwide nuclear war unthinkable," without that clause about our strategic nuclear deterrent. Our far Right will quote, "Soviet leaders are all aggressive," without the disclaimer about nuclear attack. The actual complexity and confusion of Soviet thinking and policy, on the sinister side of the scale, which Shevchenko reports, confirm what both moderate Democrats and mainstream Republicans have long thought. If it is true. Shevchenko, if honest and accurate, has revealed many things about Soviet policy and procedures that we can't check now and may not be sure of for twenty years, or ever. So his account is both maddeningly doubtable and crucially valuable. □

THE POOR MAN'S AQUINAS

Joseph Sobran

C. S. Lewis and the Search for Rational Religion, by John Beversluis (Eerdmans, 182 pp., $9.95)

PHILOSOPHERS HAVE often grumbled about C. S. Lewis's apologetic writing, but one of them—John Beversluis of Butler University in Indiana—has now done something about it. *C. S. Lewis and the Search for Rational Religion* tries to show that Lewis's defense of Christianity is fundamentally incoherent.

To begin with, Beversluis argues that Lewis contradicts himself in simultaneously holding opposing "Platonic" and "Biblical" views of man's need for God. In some passages, Lewis says that man yearns for an unknown object that turns out to be God; but elsewhere, Lewis, a self-described "reluctant convert," admits that man is naturally in rebellion against God. Beversluis thinks this is an inconsistency. I would call it a recognition of our ambivalence. I think St. Augustine, who loved Plato but believed in infant damnation, would have understood. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, as someone observed.

Beversluis goes on to accuse Lewis of imputing to his opponents "the worst possible motives," a complaint that is false but would be irrelevant if true. He even represents Lewis as holding that ethical subjectivists "are, one and all, incapable of 'great sacrifices for the good of posterity,'" a silly charge that gains little force when he offers as counter-evidence Bertrand Russell, who "spoke out against social evils of all kinds, often at great personal cost." My own view is that Russell became a celebrity, at small overhead in suffering, by undermining assorted social *goods*. But let that pass: I imagine Lewis would be too generous to Russell too. What Lewis actually said was that ethical subjectivism can't give *others* compelling reasons for sacrificing their own happiness to the good of futurity, though a moral skeptic may have his own motives for acting nobly.

Lewis is accused of offering "false dilemmas," as when he says that Christ was either God or a lunatic for claiming to be God. Since Christ obviously wasn't a lunatic, Lewis argues, he must have been God. That is a dramatically compressed version—for radio broadcast—of a powerful argument. No, in that form it isn't for the strict logician, but to say this is not to say it can be simply dismissed. Never mind. Beversluis, breathing hard, says this dilemma "not only does violence to orthodox Judaism past and present but impugns the intellectual and moral integrity of anyone who" etc.

Against Lewis, who is beginning to sound like a pretty dirty street-fighter, Beversluis tells us that David Hume, Edward Westermarck, and A. J. Ayer are "unanimous" in their "belief" that "moral values" are "perfectly rational." I doubt it, on Beversluis's own quotations. Hume says that morality has to be founded on "some sentiment common to all mankind," which makes it rather an uphill fight, especially in the

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More May Titles: In *The Airman and the Carpenter: The Lindbergh Kidnapping and the Framing of Richard Hauptmann* (Viking, $18.95), Ludovic Kennedy makes an impassioned, if far from conclusive, case for the innocence of the accused.

Remember Peter Singer, who was Animal Lib's Betty Friedan and the author of a book called *Animal Liberation*? His new book is an edited job, *In Defense of Animals* (Basil Blackwell, $16.95), bringing you up to date on developments in the field since the mid-Seventies, when Animal Liberation really got under way.

The Essential Royster: A Vermont Royster Reader (Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, $18.95), edited by Edmund Fuller, has all the Royster you'd ever want, and more than I could. . . . *The Hidden Ground of Love: The Letters of Thomas Merton on Religious Experience and Social Concerns* (Farrar, $27.95), edited by William H. Shannon and the first of a projected four-volume series, is of itself a solid epistolary chunk, containing some very fine writing.

Prima Donna: A History (Viking, $18.95), by Rupert Christiansen, is solid, readable, of excellence, as it pursues the history of sopranos, mezzos, and a castrato or two from the eighteenth century to the present. ("I am Melba," she said to the hotel manager. "But don't worry, I'm not going to charge you for it.")

☐ Coming in June: *Uncovering the Sixties: The Life and Times of the Underground Press* (Pantheon, $22.95), by Abe Peck, a veteran of the countercultural journalism of the period, is an interesting and enjoyable insider's account of a career within a quasi-literary phenomenon that, although it had precedents in earlier epochs of American history, seems to have no equivalent today.

Letters to Bab: Sherwood Anderson to Marietta D. Finley, 1916-33 (Illinois, $24.95), edited by William A. Sutton and with a foreword by Walter B. Rideout, consists of 309 letters written by the novelist to his mistress and friend, and is (as one would expect) of uneven literary quality, but full of interest throughout for admirers of Anderson as well as for students of the period. —CW

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twentieth century, when distinguished philosophers have, apparently in good conscience, supported Stalin and Hitler.

One of Lewis's important contentions was that naturalism (by which he meant deterministic materialism) rules out the possibility of valid reasoning, by reducing all mental activity to physical processes in the brain over which we have no control. This is a difficult question, which I can't answer with any more confidence for having read Beversluis's exposition of it; he adds mud to murky waters. (He does say that dogs can draw certain kinds of inferences, though not that they have so far mastered the sort of critical thinking for which we can count on philosophers.)

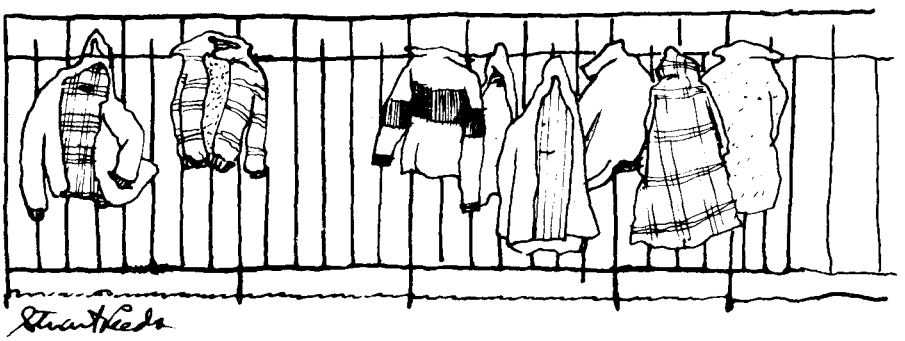
We learn that "the philosophical content of [Lewis's] arguments is consistently disappointing" and, time and again, that "the view refuted is seldom a position anyone actually holds." This is rather cheap, I think. At its chosen level, Lewis's writing is actually pretty remarkable for power and persuasiveness, though academicians can always affect dismay at popular writing. And Lewis was arguing with a set of views that plenty of people did hold, although, thanks in part to his success, one meets them less often now: a mix of Freud, Marx, and H. G. Wells, glibly spouted on every street corner and, for a time, very intimidating to a lot of ordinary folk. Clearing the air of that sort of thing is not the work of Aquinas, but it's not a contemptible enterprise, and Lewis did it better than anyone else of his time.

Lewis was a philosopher, in his own way, who worked on a small scale, composing shapely little arguments graced with incisive sentences and illuminating analogies. It is a special kind of writing, and he had a genius for it. His examples and turns of phrase stay in the mind long after the book is closed. Like Dr. Johnson, he seems effortlessly memorable, his imagination capturing yours with pictures of old birds teaching young birds to fly, toy soldiers, captive islands, mousetraps, corkscrews, tigers, medicine, bishops writing novels together, electricity, maps, chocolate, babies, eggs, symphonies, toothaches, flying horses, onions, the dance, deposed kings, trousered apes, megaphones, surgery, burglars, tennis, striptease, card games, a fleet of ships reaching the wrong port, chess, smallpox, wheatfields, the St. Bernard and the toy dog—anything to make a point vividly.

By such devices Lewis gives us intimations of ways of interpreting our common experience that are radically different from those implicit in current habits of speech. Analogies prove nothing, of course; they merely suggest possibilities. Whether Lewis succeeds in proving this or that philosophical thesis is another matter, and Beversluis is right to be impatient with those Lewis idolators who want to credit him with resolving problems that have baffled great minds for centuries. Even Lewis's friend Austin Farrer thought his treatment of the problem of pain was facile. Lewis reached the same conclusion when his wife died of cancer, and Beversluis has some penetrating remarks on Lewis's inability to resolve the question of God's goodness, in the ordinary sense of the word (against the "Ockhamist" position that God's goodness is *sui generis*, unintelligible by human standards), in the face of this shattering loss. He concludes that Lewis finally gave up trying.

Despite its frequent petulance, the book is far from being a hatchet job. Against liberal Christians who took the route of Wittgensteinian fideism and denied that religious language was even supposed to be empirically meaningful, Beversluis says that Lewis intuitively understood the real issue: Christianity is either true or false, and to reduce it to a "language game," immune from outside criticism, is an evasion.

But in order to criticize him, you have to appreciate him. His apologetic writings belong to the early Forties; after the war he turned to more purely imaginative writing, and the best of his later books—*The Four Loves*,



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Letters to Malcolm, essays on various subjects—take the truth of Christianity as their starting point. They are less ambitious but more satisfying than his apologetic books, because they release his imagination from the burden of trying to satisfy skepticism. Instead they show the power of Christianity, once accepted, to illuminate diverse areas of life. His children's stories prove nothing, but they impart a vision of reality that makes most fiction seem drab and feeble by comparison. Lewis did more than any other writer of his generation to restore Christian morale, and you don't do that with cheap tricks. □

NO ONE IN CHARGE

Peter Diamandopoulos

Presidents Make a Difference: Strengthening Leadership in Colleges and Universities, edited by Clark Kerr (Association of Governing Boards of Universities and Colleges, 141 pp., $13)

A HUNDRED YEARS ago the presidents of America's blossoming colleges and universities were real presidents. They were commanding figures in charge of the academic affairs of their institutions—molders and shapers of educational philosophies. They were also the unquestioned chief administrators of their campuses, with the power to appoint, the authority to institute and decide, and the will to act. And most importantly, they were the chief executive officers of their confident boards. In these capacities, they had opportunities to carry out curricular changes, establish new areas of instruction, found new schools, and build outstanding faculties. They had the freedom to develop administrative structures and procedures that served far-sighted educational ends—to expand the endowment, fund the right programs, make the best use of the budget. And they had the credibility to implement policy in the name of their trustees, in ways that earned them public esteem and philanthropic endorsement. For they were reformers, builders, and educational entrepreneurs. They were leaders, and made no apologies for it.

But things have changed since those halcyon days. Today, the presidents of America's institutions of higher learning are frustrated and grey administrators with no aspiration to lead and little power to manage. They have little chance to exercise executive authority, and they preside without the challenge of creating. It seems that the vastness of the educational enterprise and its amorphous state have forced them to disengage. Confusion about the goals of higher education barred them from academic affairs. Participatory democracy, "shared governance," and the "consultative process" rendered them administratively impotent. Politicized boards deprived them of their last vestiges of executive authority. The result is institutional paralysis and drift, whereby new educational opportunities are missed, academic failures are not corrected, plans are not made. No one is in charge.

Concerned about this situation, Clark Kerr, the doyen of American higher education, prepared a Report. The document, which summarizes the findings of interviews with four hundred presidents, confirms one's worst suspicions. Most college and university presidents are not full presidents any more, not academic leaders, administrative heads, and chief executives. They have been diminished and altered; they are exposed and vulnerable. Many of them are unhappy, and most of them are very cautious. And all this, at a time when strong presidents, sensibly supported, could strengthen their institutions immeasurably.

What has brought about these developments? Kerr and his fellow commissioners do not answer the question directly. They seem less interested in exploring how presidents lost their power than in describing the conditions that contributed to the disaster. Their intent is positive: They want to propose steps to rectify the situation, not to indict anyone. For that purpose they stick to the data, eschewing recriminations and tactfully suggesting thorough reassessments. Their expectation is that, if trustees will rethink their roles, faculties their best interests, and courageous presidents their educational obligations, strength will return to the presidency. With that accomplished, a new era of greatness will dawn on American higher education.

But is this a realistic prospect? Is the present state of educational drift and leaderlessness a matter of attitudes and dispositions, of confused roles and incompatible allegiances? Or is it some-

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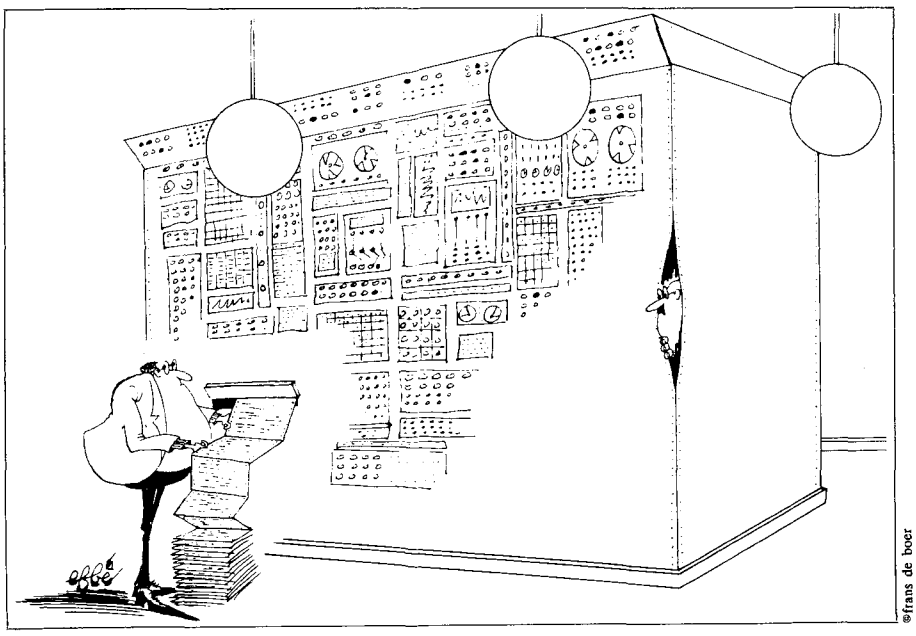
thing more fundamental? The conditions that Kerr wants changed, relationships of power and control, point to something more complex. They reflect the confusion of the political with the educational, the pragmatic with the intellectual, the instrumental with the teleological, the expedient with the moral. There are fundamental conflicts of interest here. Can any single educator, however intelligent and well positioned, straighten out these issues in behalf of the whole of higher education—bucking trends and fighting the vested interests of the trade? Quite unlikely, I'm afraid, unless the larger society chooses to join the battle and demand a less self-serving and more principled higher education.

Before presidents can become more assertive and effective, boards must create conditions that enable presidents to function. This requires in turn that faculties be reminded that presidents must be in charge. Administrators should be encouraged to support their presidents with the full backing of their boards. Lastly, the boards themselves must be united and committed to sustaining their presidents. And all this, for the good of their institutions and a better higher education.

It sounds splendid. But what could a president do if such conditions do not obtain, especially in an era of faculty unions, bureaucratized administrations, and politicized boards? Unfortunately, Kerr and his colleagues have no answer to this question. Could the president, for example, litigate, or threaten to quit, or give lectures in moral consistency? If so, what effect must this have on the institution, as well as on the president's professional reputation?

Kerr's Report starkly reveals why most presidents cannot be leaders any more. It takes leaders to sustain leaders, and there aren't many around. □



DEFIANT IMAGES

Jeffrey Meyers

Max Beckmann: Retrospective, edited by Carla Schulz-Hoffmann and Judith Weiss (Norton, 483 pp., $75)

THIS LAVISHLY illustrated collection of 12 scholarly essays by German and American authors, with a catalogue of Beckmann's 636 paintings, drawings, and prints, celebrates the centenary exhibition of one of the greatest modern painters at museums in Munich, Berlin, St. Louis, and Los Angeles. Most of the essays are badly written, boring, and banal, though the ones on the War, the city, Amsterdam, and America are illuminating.

Beckmann was born in Leipzig in 1884, studied in Weimar and Paris, was a medical orderly in a typhus hospital and in an operating room in Belgium during the Great War, suffered a nervous breakdown, worked in Berlin and taught in Frankfurt, married twice, spent the Hitler years in Amsterdam (where he used bedsheets as canvas, and lived half underground, half tolerated by the German authorities), experienced a triumphant resurrection and public acclaim in America ("the last sensation—except death—which life could offer") and died of a heart attack in New York in 1950.

Like the satiric drawings of George Grosz and the morbid poems of Gottfried Benn, Beckmann's vision was nourished by the brutality of our time. Beckmann commented intelligently on his technique and ideas, wrote bitterly of "the defective invention called 'Life,' " and exclaimed: "In my paintings I confront God with all He has done wrong. My religion is arrogance before God, defiance of God. Defiance, because He created us so that we cannot love ourselves." Yet he also saw that the horrors of war could heighten aesthetic awareness and inspire great art: "When a large shell-burst flies past it's as though the gates of eternity had been ripped open. Everything suggests space, distance, infinity."

Beckmann has a great deal in common with his English contemporary, Wyndham Lewis, who also spent the war years in exile and worked in St. Louis. Both did great paintings of the war and the modern city. Beckmann's *The Night* (1919), locked up "in sharp lines and planes, clear as glass," reflects the postwar chaos in the brutal torture of a family. In his *Synagogue* in Frankfurt (1919), the house of worship "tilts backward, the houses sway and slide into one another, the lamp-posts stagger, the globe lights are suspended in mid air. Everything is held in a crystalline numbness."

Both Beckmann and Lewis executed a brilliant series of urbane and anguished portraits of their inspiring, idealized wives (the best one is Beckmann's *Quappi in Blue and Grey*, 1944) and of themselves. Beckmann's *Self-Portrait in Tuxedo* (1927) transforms his huge bald head, wide nose, flat face, and protruding jaw—a cross between Winston Churchill and a bulldog—into a brutal and aggressively self-assured pose—part revelation, part disguise. Both Beckmann and Lewis are superb draftsmen whose forceful, jagged outlines convey chilling, cynical, ironic detachment as well as ferocious energy and psychic power. It is these paintings by Beckmann, rather than his nine massive triptychs, that constitute his greatest work.

In St. Louis in 1947 Beckmann resumed the teaching he had been forced

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to give up in Frankfurt in 1933. At Mills College in California his class model, abandoning the classic beaux-arts poses, became a nude in a Beckmann painting: "wearing purple high-heeled shoes, lying on her back on a red velvet sofa, propping up her legs against the back and smoking a cigarette."

At the University of Colorado in the summer of 1949 (I have found), the students were awestruck by the world-famous figure whose paintings were exhibited in the gallery and whose teaching inspired them to fulfill his high expectations. He taught for three hours in the morning in a hot top-floor studio in the theater building, and would grab the brush and paint with black on the students' canvases. He pretended he had no English and had his wife translate for him, so he could meet the students on his own terms and maintain the necessary distance. But he could and did speak English, when he felt like it, on social occasions.

In her novel *Henry and Cato*, Iris Murdoch describes Beckmann's place in the tradition of "metaphysical objectivity." Henry admires the painter's vast self-confidence and commanding egoism, and is writing a book on the tormented images of the "two-wived Beckmann, treading underground paths of masculine mysticism which linked Signorelli to Grünewald, Rembrandt to Cézanne." □

FICTION

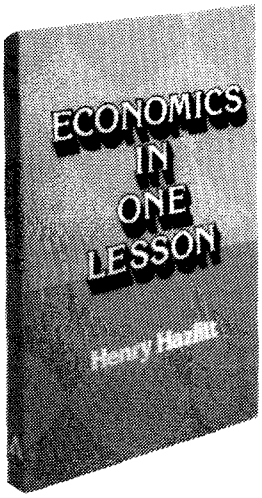
STRAIT-GENRED

D. Keith Mano

The Suburbs of Hell, by Randolph Stow (Taplinger, 167 pp., $13.95)

GENRE-TYPING has docked the tail of serious fiction but good. So grossly dependent are publishers on some identifiable market that they have forgotten (if they ever knew) how to flog a unique and idiosyncratic book. Imagine the ad department at Instant Remainder & Co. dealing with, oh, *Ulysses* today. What? It isn't sci-fi, romance, espionage, horror, feminist, or detective fiction? Well, then it doesn't *exist*, but try to get a jacket quote from Stephen King anyhow. Novels are seldom novel now. Consequently, the serious writer must pre-shrink his imagination down to some recognizable form —and Randolph Stow, I suspect, did just that. *The Suburbs of Hell* has been shoehorned into a gothic/whodunit genre. It will essay more than that, but, foot-bound by convention, never really attain flank speed. And, as though gone spiteful from restraint, it also twits the expectation of your gothic/whodunit constituency. Yet, somehow, in between, Stow has managed to make a taut, gorgeous, swirling heat devil out of this bastard thing.

I know almost *gar nichts* about Randolph Stow. Australian: ex-anthropologist: wide traveler now located in England: eight novels and some poetry. Winner of the annual Patrick White Award for distinguished achievement in Australian literature. (That must be a hard prize to give out.) *The Suburbs of Hell*, I'd hazard, isn't typical Stow—more a genre-fit. He writes economically, yet he doesn't nickel-nurse



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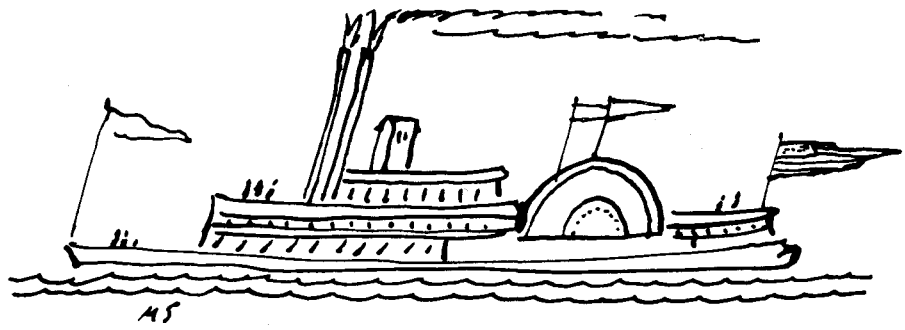
his prose. First-chop dialogue, plotting tighter than a Denver boot. Somewhat overcute with assonance/alliteration—"trees . . . holding in their black coral boughs black shocks of rooks' nests"—but that isn't an actionable offense. Good, I mean to say.

Several inexplicable murders occur in Old Tornwich, your standard gothic soundstage-with-fog-machine English seaside town. Murder will ignite madness, suicide, and surplus murder. More plot the *Miranda* decision saves me from having to disclose. But there is something scandalous and chatty, fun even, about abrupt death in a small middle-class place: everyone suspects everyone else. Stow has meant to convey the village-wide degeneration of character and relationship. He is just half successful: genre requirements pressure him in turn. So the end of Sam—with personal background and present disquiet—will seem an intrusive meditation on the social predicament that native black Englishmen endure. Young Greg's madness is even more slipshod and unintegrated as fictional machine part. In general, the book has an ambivalent attack: neither time nor space enough for thorough psychological examination. And, when you foreshorten truth, it tends—good prose or not—to sound pretentious.

More vexing still is the inadequate presence of a first-person speaker that may be Death or Fate. Initially this dramatic figure serves to decoy attention. (I thought a killer was confiding in me. Maybe so—Death, by some intellectual stretch, is the ultimate murderer after all.) But this Death or Something soon decays into just another, not very informative, omniscient point of view. And at the end it will say, "He lies on the floor in his vomit. He stares up into my face. He sees me in my own likeness, without disguise. For flesh is a disguise. He cannot speak or breathe. Yet he speaks to me, with his blazing eyes. I can read his eyes. I have read many." Hum . . . You have to expect sententiousness, I suppose, from anyone or anything in so high an ambassadorial post. Myself, I do hope for some more engaging, wittier exchange at the end. Moreover, Stow's device is maddeningly inconsistent, often plain apathetic. The serious novelist trying, without much conviction, to impregnate a spayed genre.

Even more stagy and vain, though, is Stow's wrap-up. He has pasted together a headline collage: HEADLESS CORPSES IN EL SALVADOR. 1000 BENGALIS MASSACRED IN ASSAM. And so, grimly, on. This plus an engraving of the Tarot card for death. Throughout, too, there have been chapter-head quotes from mostly Jacobean literature, celebrating pure evil—the senseless, native force of it. As a human position this is both pessimistic and defeatist. I prefer to consider it Stow's retaliation against the genre. Whodunits should provide perpetrator and reasonable motive. Stow, maybe in pique, will withhold that informational courtesy. His title, note, has been lifted from John Webster: "Security some men call the suburbs of hell, / Only a dead wall between." No one is or should be secure: nor will the executioner of those headless Salvadoran corpses be found by Hercule Poirot. Intellectual *haute couture* all this: it paints on an acrylic coat of High Intention not really earned.

Yet the book is snap-rolling aerobatic entertainment. You need a G suit to read it. Climate-controlled, tense, bewildering, and ferocious. Stow's name should be on a Stephen King jacket. As for who dunit: the author isn't above suspicion. I'd have him detained for questioning. □



LOOKING BACK

HEMINGWAY RECONSIDERED

Thomas P. McDonnell

TIME is bearing down on the quarter-century mark of the death by suicide (on July 2, 1961, in Ketchum, Idaho) of Ernest Hemingway. It is into time itself that Hemingway's reputation is receding, almost at the same pace at which some of his more dismissive critics have consigned him to a dead and irrelevant past. We therefore needn't wait in any formal sense for the 25th anniversary of his tragic death to attempt an updated evaluation of Hemingway's place in our literature.

It is without any evasion whatsoever that we can all agree on the Hemingway of the short stories—they are there forever, or at least for as long as the literate tradition survives among steadily dwindling numbers of readers in this non-linear-minded age. Incidentally, in my own view, there has never been a successful movie made from any of the Hemingway literature, long or short, for the basic reason that the moviemakers have not yet realized that style, Hemingway's *raison d'être*, can be suggested only by producing similar clarities of the photographer's art. There is thus the paradox that though Hemingway's style is clearly cinematic, the cinema itself has failed to catch in its own art-making any similitude of his language.

In any event, Hemingway survives as one of the great short-story writers in the language. He excelled in short fiction because he was largely a creator and manipulator of small and limited scenes, of sometimes tender or bitter moods, and in countless untoward situations. Scenes from the few important novels of Hemingway are extractable in a way that those from the great tapestries of Tolstoy, for example, are not. We want Tolstoy whole and largely have to take him that way, but we frequently still remember scenes in Hemingway when the novel as a whole has ceased to impress us.

It is no doubt transparently obvious that re-reading *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) today is a somewhat different experience from reading it three or four decades ago. We are likely ourselves to have changed more than the novel has, though realizing at the same time that great writing is that which manages to survive its own period and

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may even enhance it from a distance. One now finds some peculiar minor annoyances in *The Sun Also Rises*, moments in all that lean and sparse and brittle prose that sometimes make one positively yearn for a feast of Jamesian periods. After so many "I say, chaps," this and "I say, chaps," that, you are likely to get the feeling that Lady Brett was just one of the boys. And then there's that most passive of modern heroes, the anti-hero Jake Barnes, telling you that this or that is "swell," or endlessly telling the ex-Princeton boxer Robert Cohn to "Go to hell!"—the ultimate literary swear-word of the period, presaging Rhett Butler's shocking ultimatum: "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

In such minor instances, then, *The Sun Also Rises* seems dated in a way that Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* (1925), a novel of the same lost generation, does not. In Hemingway's novel you remember primarily, I think, the fiesta and the fishing; before long, you stop caring a hoot about Jake and Lady Brett's problem induced by the sexually incapacitating war wounds of the one and the drunken nymphomania of the other. Still, there is an overpowering sense in which *The Sun Also Rises* is quintessential Hemingway. He captures the Spanish landscape once and for all, and his narrative references to Paris give one the feeling (which will be even stronger in *A Moveable Feast*) of knowing that great city even if one has never been there. Few writers are so gifted as Hemingway in the depiction of place, the very physicality of place, and almost everything he wrote seems to possess this elusive trait.

It now seems to be the critical consensus to narrow the comparative merits of the novels down to *The Sun Also Rises* and let it go at that, but in order to do this one would have to ignore Hemingway's development as a writer. There seems little real question that *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) is a further development of the already famous Hemingway style, and that the deepening style of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) would go still further in demonstrating that Hemingway's mode of writing was not permanently frozen at the moment he first put words on paper. The opening paragraph of *A Farewell to Arms* is one of the supreme opening passages in the whole range of American fiction.

What chiefly works against Hemingway today, I think, is his lack of human complexity (as distinguished from mere complicatedness) in an age that is damnably complex at almost every level of our existence. We cannot go on hunting lions and fighting bulls forever, though this is no doubt a better substitute for a formal or ritualistic religion than the shooting up of drugs and the dolorous possibilities of herpes-bearing sex. Politically, of course, Hemingway was a *naïf*. Where other literary figures such as George Orwell, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, et al. were merely grossly wrongheaded about the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway was more or less innocently confused about it; and, worse, he nurtured and romanticized on the side of the Loyalists the illusion that here was a group of the noble camaraderie of war fighting against all the odds.

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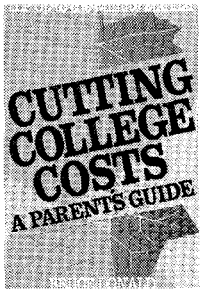

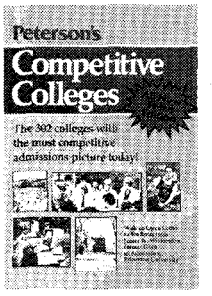

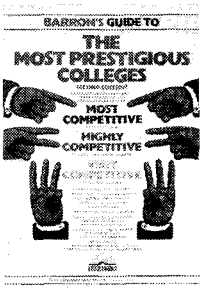

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Joining the effort against the Fascists was the decent American thing to do.

There are, as I say, memorable scenes throughout Hemingway's *œuvre*, but for the complete book of Hemingway's that one can return to with undiminishing pleasure and delight, it has to be *A Moveable Feast* (1964). Minor critics like to say of this late work (a work, incidentally, that gives the lie to the claim that that tragic day in Idaho was triggered by the aging Hemingway's realization of his depleted powers as a writer) that it was motivated largely by malice.

Admittedly, there are passages of the purest literary wickedness in *A Moveable Feast*, such as that marvelous exchange with Ford Madox Ford concerning Hilaire Belloc, the most sardonic aspect of which was that Hemingway himself never realized that Fordie was obviously putting him on. Hemingway played the American *naïf* to the end.

In the end, too, we must always come back to the fact that the best of Hemingway survives in the short stories. A well-constructed novel tends to become increasingly complex, whereas Hemingway tended always to a condition of simplicity that is often all but irreducible. This is what works in almost all the short stories, especially in the great longer ones like "The Big Two-Hearted River," "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," but also in such shorter masterpieces as "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," "After the Storm," and the heartbreakingly ironic "Hills like White Elephants." The late triumph *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) is simply a longer-than-usual short story and should be read in that light.

As for the rest of the nonfictional prose, anyone interested in writing should certainly read *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935), perhaps several times over. Whether one values *Death in the Afternoon* (1932) depends largely on whether one cares for bullfighting; I don't. It is also a somewhat personal matter that I should see a great deal of the criticism on Hemingway as inept, ill-conceived, usually overwrought, and more or less useless. However, the forty or so pages on Hemingway in Hugh Kenner's *A Homemade World* are at this time irreplaceable and a sure indication of why Hemingway is still worth reading today. □

TELEVISION

PBS TRIES PLAYING IT STRAIGHT

Aram Bakshian Jr.

WHILE THE four-part Public Broadcasting series *Crisis in Central America* scarcely represents a giant step for mankind, it does mark a great leap forward for integrity and objectivity in television documentaries. "My hope," says Neal B. Freeman, the executive producer of the series, "is that anybody who spends four hours with us will have his/her presuppositions—right, left, or middle—vigorously shaken."

"My role was to develop the idea, raise the dough, hire the people, create the conditions in which they could do good work, and then brace myself for the praise or blame," the conservative Mr. Freeman explains. "I went to WGBH [the Boston-based PBS affiliate, with a reputation for high-quality public-affairs programming] for two reasons: They have production skills of a high order, and they are known for an intelligently liberal approach. In seeking to produce an objective, 'on the fifty-yard line' series, I wanted strong partners who would push against my nonliberal views."

The approach seems to have worked. The series, which premiered nationally in hourly installments April 9 to 12 on the *Frontline* current-events program hosted by Judy Woodruff, deserves high marks for objectivity and thoroughness. Given the timely nature of the subject, it can expect a long and well-earned repertory run on local PBS affiliates around the country. Both the quality and the integrity of *Crisis* will come as no surprise to viewers familiar with other programs produced by Freeman, particularly *American Interests*, his respected PBS series on foreign policy. His purpose is not to provide counter-propaganda to the preponderance of slanted liberal or leftist documentaries one encounters on both public and commercial television, but to offer concerned viewers a serious, detailed, and scrupulously honest treatment of vital issues.

The four segments begin with "The Yankee Years," a necessarily broadstroke background on general U.S.-Central American relations from the turn of the century to the 1950s, followed by more detailed accounts of "Castro's Challenge," "Revolution in Nicaragua," and "The Battle for El Salvador." Of the four segments, "The Yankee Years" and "Revolution in Nicaragua" are the most open to criticism. The former, by emphasizing American interventionism rather than the squalor and economic backwardness that had existed in Central America before U.S. capital, skills, and initiative brought better living standards and relative peace and stability to the region, leaves the erroneous impression that *gringo* greed transformed a *latino* Garden of Eden into an inferno of sweated labor and military dictatorships.

In reality, the evils of economic oligarchy, the *caudillo* system of leadership, and banditry as a way of life in the countryside—the great ills associated with the period of Yankee adventurism—had been endemic to the region since the collapse of Spanish colonial authority. What U.S. investment, training, and intervention did create was the beginning of a laboring class well-paid enough, and a new middle class educated and frustrated enough, to form the basis for social upheaval when, for the first time, millions of Central Americans raised their expectations above the subsistence level.

The true story of the U.S. role in the region from the 1890s to the 1950s has its undeniably dark side. When compared to the colonial records of every major European power during the same period, however, it is a model of restraint, with little direct annexation of territory, briefer spans of occupation when they did occur, and a marked improvement in sanitation, health, economic infrastructure, and the

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general quality of life for such subject populations as fell under *gringo* sway.

The trouble with the introductory "Yankee Years" installment, then, is not that it delved too deeply into past ills. Rather, it should have gone back further, since these evils existed in the region long before Teddy Roosevelt built the Panama Canal or the United Fruit Company bought its first banana. Indeed, had the local societies not been sunk in sloth, incompetence, and corruption, U.S. intervention would have been neither necessary nor so pathetically easy.

Similarly, the "Revolution in Nicaragua" installment, although factually sound, leaves one with a better understanding of the real but correctable abuses of the Somoza regime than of the more sinister long-term implications of a Communist garrison state in the heart of Central America, posing a menace to its neighbors as well as to its own people. Having effectively shown in "Castro's Challenge" how Fidel's avowals of democratic intent were false from the start, the series fails to point up the same obvious pattern repeating itself in Nicaragua today; non-Communists face steadily escalating repression, censorship, a mammoth arms buildup, and a nationwide network of spies and informants, just as they did in Cuba in the 1960s.

Having entered these caveats, one must say that the series as a whole is so much better, and so much more balanced, than any major programming previously done by public or commercial television on the subject that one almost feels guilty about carping. Even when the emphasis of the linking narrative is questionable, the extensive use of interviews and speech footage of major figures of every political stripe and nationality involved allows the viewer to make up his own mind.

Four hours of immersion in recent Central American history left this reviewer particularly appalled at the incompetence demonstrated by two past American Presidents, John F. Kennedy and Jimmy Carter. In both cases, inexperience and hesitation led to American fiascos—and Communist successes—at critical junctures. Either President Kennedy suffered a failure of nerve on the question of air support, or else he should never have authorized the Bay of Pigs landing in the first place. Later, under the guise of facing down the Soviets during the Missile Crisis, he

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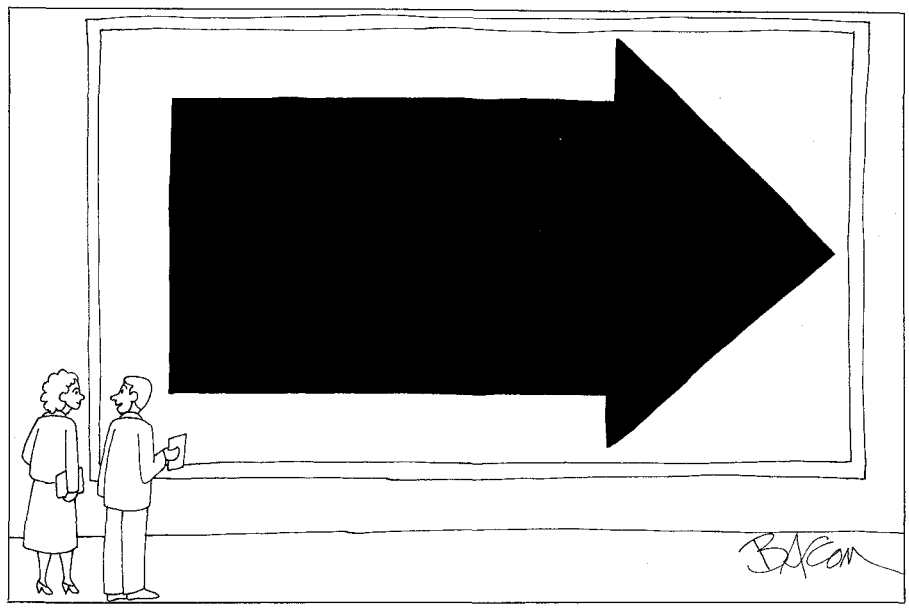
offered Castro and his Russian backers de facto recognition of the Marxist-Leninist status quo in Cuba. In the case of Nicaragua, President Carter repeated his Iran blunder, stumbling between his distaste for the incumbent (Somoza) and his distrust of the insurgents (the Communist-dominated Sandinistas).

Crisis in Central America, like recent events in El Salvador, ends on a note of reasoned optimism—one that would draw similar scowls from Fidel Castro and Roberto d'Aubuisson. Despite the dire predictions of the far Left and far Right, a clear majority of the Salvadoran people has twice chosen democratic, anti-Communist leadership in free, open elections. That leadership, working with a reformed military rather than with the old death squads, appears to be winning its struggle against the Marxist guerrillas. The material may be accumulating for an upbeat sequel to *Crisis in Central America*. When the time comes, PBS could do worse than use the same production team again; its professionalism and fairness have set an imperfect but improved standard for future foreign-policy documentaries. □



"Certainly you can't say he lacks direction."

TRAVEL

CANCUN

F. Reid Buckley

MEXICO IS FILTHY. *You cannot eat the food. If you touch a salad or drink the water, you will come down with that complaint jocular mention of which made President Carter so popular when he visited there. And the Mexicans who serve the food are a surly, greasy, thieving lot with a crippling inferiority complex, who make ethnocentrism a tempting, albeit never a good, option.*

¡Tonterías! (Rubbish!) At least in Cancún, on the Yucatán Peninsula. If your cuppa tequila is: good food and potable water, a shy and gentle native population, and spic-and-span surroundings, all set in a lushly exotic Eden with seawater in which you can spy a copper penny ten fathoms down, go there.

Cancún proper is a long narrow island, the ocean to the east, a lagoon to the west. It was just a spit of crushed coral and limestone 15 years ago. That's right. In 1970, there was nothing at all here; not a living soul. Split-tailed frigate birds riding thermals in the stratosphere. Terns and oystercatchers. In the marsh, a roseate cloud of flamingos. Herons white and blue, egrets, black-and-white stilts (how elegant they are on their long languid legs!). And snakes, a mess of *them*: coral, rattle—the dreaded bushmasters, up to 12 feet long and packing 350 milligrams of venom.

Not to worry, they have been eradicated. Former President Miguel Alemán Valdez is credited with "discovering" Acapulco, which lies across the Mexican subcontinent on the Pacific coast. President Luis Echeverría Alvarez, that pious scolder of the United States, taking example from his predecessor, pushed the development of Ixtapa-Zihuantenejo and Cancún, in the second of which—it was rumored—he had more than merely *pro bono publico* interest. Never mind. Today, on the mainland, there is a booming town of fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, complemented on the grand strand, in the season, by thirty or so thousand tourists, of whom 99.97 per cent are *gringos*. By 1995, Cancún's population is scheduled to increase to an optimum 250,000, at which point the Mexican government will cry halt and move elsewhere on the Yucatán Peninsula to establish a new resort.

For this gorgeous place *is* a government creation. It is a deliberate bureaucratic invention . . . and who says governments, even Mexico's notoriously corrupt and inefficient governments, can do nothing well? I have no idea what may be the municipal shortcomings of Cancún, nor how much more the infrastructure cost than it should have done, but from a tourist's point of view the place is enchanting. Crossing the bridge onto the island, one comes on the boulevard, divided in the center by a continuous strip of casuarinas, coconut palms, palmettos, Spanish bayonet, flamboyant trees, hibiscus, mangrove, sweet bay, bird of paradise, trumpet vines, bougainvillea, plumbago—a profusion of efflorescent tropical shrubs and trees whose clashing oranges, reds, and pinks express that riotous exuberance that characterizes the Mexican aesthetic gift—punctuated every half-mile or so by great stone monoliths from the Mayan past. Planted similarly on both sides, the boulevard is a gorgeous passageway, which crews of gardeners maintain in resplendent condition. This is *not* what one might rename *Puerco Rico*, where the public beaches can only be gained by braving a no-man's land many yards wide of garbage and human waste. Every now and then, in Cancún, one may spy a discarded paper cup, but this is the exception. As my ten-year-old son might say, a Switzerman would approve.

Cancún's architecture is not distinguished. The Hotel Presidente, the Sheraton, the two Hyatts, are hulks—though luxurious hulks. Contemporary Mexican architecture can be first-rate. Nothing in Cancún, however, is going

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to survive to challenge the Mayan heritage, which is one of the major attractions of the Yucatán. For ourselves, though, winter-weary as we were, we came for sun and surf, lazing like lizards on the beaches the first two days. There was never softer, more glistening sand: It compacts when wet into a kind of paste. And the weather, in February, is pleasantly warm during the day, cool in the evening . . . and no bugs! I recalled to my wife, Tasa, a night in Acapulco, many, many years ago.* It was a February also—of 1942. The place had just opened to tourism, and there were but three hotels.

Returning from supper the first night, Brother Bill and I barged back in to our quarters and found the soles of our shoes crunching—as, to our revulsion, we became aware—not popcorn, but the shells of innumerable scarabic carcasses. Crackle, pop, ooze. Oh, horrors. The floor; our sheets and pillows, dresser and washbasin; all were littered with insect cadavers, or crawling and writhing and buzzing and clicking with half-dead disgusting creatures that had tumbled from their crevices in the dark ceiling, among which were distinguished by their repulsiveness centipedes, millipedes, silverfish, big and little cockroaches, hairy-legged tarantulas and lesser spiders of venomous hue, ticks, powder-post beetles, ants red and black, the pupae and larvae of wasps, termites, sowbugs, and other large-abdomened abominations, all squushing green and yellow fluids underfoot; and near the closet, crepitating among the crusty corpses, a veritable dinosaur of the insect tribe, a fist-sized armored tank of a beetle whose carapace was bilious green with yellow polka dots. In Cancún, there are mosquitoes in December, but few thereafter, and we slept blissfully, windows wide open to the scented night air.

We ate. How we ate, dear merciful God! We had the best crab legs either of us, Tasa or I, can remember, at the La Vela restaurant in the Hotel Club-Lagoon. If you like Mexican food country style, go to La Casita. The nicest people. Cheerful smiles, no matter how late you may linger after supper playing liars' dice. Their specialties are grilled pork and *mero* (grouper), which we liked very much indeed, but we can also vouch for their enchiladas and tacos.

Almost everyone we met in Cancún was pleasant; many went beyond simple courtesy. Mayan descendants predominate in the most servile jobs. (The cosmopolitan modern Mexican makes a profession of publicly detesting his Spanish forebears while exalting the noble Indians, whom in the contemporary flesh he despises, treating them like serfs.) They may seem surly, but they are not: They are bashful. Speak a little Spanish to them, and big grins reward.

The first excursion we bestirred ourselves to sign up for was on a sailing trimaran to the Isla Mujeres, where there is good snorkeling, heady wine, and the best grilled fresh scampi I have ever tasted. Do not miss this. If, like me, you get acute claustrophobia sucking air into your lungs through a rubber tube, leave that to younger folk, and hop up the several flights of stairs to the fisherman's restaurant above the reef. (It's not on the tour, beats understanding why.) We lunched at another port of call, at whose pier we were greeted by a villainous-looking "pirate." He was five feet, four inches tall and nut brown, and he wore a patch over one eye. Greasy strings of coal-black hair escaped from under a tightly knotted kerchief. His mustache was barbarously long and filthily lank, his pants scarlet and voluminous, ending at the calves, below which his legs were bare. The soles of the feet were horny, the nails cracked and blackened. When he grinned, it was most evil—gold teeth, rotted gaps. Imagine him forcing his kisses on Virginia Mayo!

But his business, on this sunny afternoon, after helping to catch our lines and moor our ship fast, was selling conch shells, for which I was the very first sucker, since I wanted two to hollow out into hunting horns for sons. Tasa did the bargaining, at which she is shameless, revealing the otherwise discreet Levantine bubbles in her blood. Our pirate had not exchanged three words with her when he exclaimed, "You must be Spanish! So am I! My grandfather came over here from La Coruña—just a little after Cortés." The bargaining proceeded to a mutually gratifying conclusion, and a storm chased us dramatically back to the mainland, but we were entertained by a very funny American who kept talking about his visit to "Chicken Pizza." He meant Chichén Itzá, which is by far the most impressive of the Mayan ruins, but there are archaeological digs closer by.

To wit, Tulum. The tour we picked left the Sheraton at nine the next morning. Our guide was a pretty blonde Mexican girl in her mid-twenties. She began by ritualistically explaining to us what we must be presumed blind, if not idiots, had we not known: that Mexico is 70 per cent "of mixed blood, Spanish and Indian mostly, which we call *mestizo*. There are 15 per cent pure Indian, or almost pure, and 15 per cent white. I am white."

She then regaled us with the wisdom and foresight of Mexico's glorious leaders in creating Cancún out of that jungle of gum, mahogany, and bay. One sensed instantly that not the least, slightest jocularity about Mexico or its government (not to speak of a clumsy and ungracious Carter-type crack) would be countenanced by her: That is a rule for foreigners, just as it is a rule that no revelatory truth may be spoken about their country by well-indoctrinated Mexicans, at least not in their public capacities. Alan Riding recounts in his comprehensive book on the Mexicans, *Distant Neighbors* (Knopf, 1985), how in 1983 a play called *The Martyrdom of Morelos* revealed that, "while being tortured pri-

*Ah, how could I forget Acapulco? I was smitten by a honey-blonde naiad—to the music of "*Bésame, Bésame Mucho*," which had just been released and was played over the radio day and night. (I cannot hear those soupy strains even now without my heart giving a little leap.) Tragic first love! I was not yet 12. *She* was an unapproachable 15. Petrarch worshipping from afar his Laura (*Diana, naked in the chilly pool / Brought no more rapture to the greedy eyes / Of him who watched her splashing in the cool . . .*) was not more piteous than I, whose every freckle turned pink when the object of my adoration passed by.

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or to execution by a Spanish firing squad in 1815, [José María] Morelos betrayed the names, strategies, and troop strengths of other key rebel commanders." All hell broke loose. "Assorted civic associations then mobilized to defend 'the honor and glory' of Morelos, a leading politician devoted an entire speech [to] praising the 'founder of the nation' and excoriating his critics, [the] actor playing the part of Morelos was replaced," and so forth.

The extent of this practice of self-deception is hard to believe. When *will* Mexicans outgrow their inferiority complex, and when will they liberate themselves from the ideological myths of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional—the PRI—which has run Mexico for fifty years, feigning democracy? It is excused as national pride, and one understands the lure of revisionism. But it's sad, for the indoctrinators who know their history, as for the indoctrinated-manqués.

What's to be writ about Tulum that hasn't been said ten times over about all the Toltec-Mayan ruins? That it is impressive, if not so grand as Chicken Pizza? But you have read this. That the Mayans—those consummate astronomers and mathematicians, who owned no beasts of burden other than human slaves—knew not the pulley and tackle, yet somehow piled blocks of stone one on top of the other to erect monumental edifices of wonderful proportions, on the very tipmost top of one of which, in Uxmal, nine years before, I forgot my cigarettes; such being my addiction, I puffed emphysematously all the way back up those 160 tiny steep steps to retrieve my drug . . . Nothing new there. Or that on the vertiginous tops of the pyramids, prisoners of war and other unfortunates regularly were held down so that the living hearts could be torn out of their chests, which—our dear guide earnestly assured us—was so signal an honor that they scarcely minded? I read once that at the great pyramid of Mexico City as many as three thousand lucky Aztec folk would be so honored on a single day, the frothing scarlet blood slipping down from stone step to stone step until it coagulated in a blackening pool at the bottom. It was such quaint folk customs that were brutally abolished by the barbarous Hernán Cortés when he smashed the Aztecs' idols, along with their empire.

The fortress-temple of Tulum is established on a majestic bluff that fronts the Caribbean. There is a great barrier reef, second only to that of Australia, over which we could see the sapphire blue swells breaking into glistening foam. It was near here, on that very reef, that two Spaniards, one the priest Gerónimo de Aguilar, survived shipwreck. They were nursed to health by compassionate Mayan Indians—bringing on the doom of pre-Columbian civilization, as it turned out. Because Padre Aguilar learned their language, and proved to be of immeasurable help to Cortés in his conquest.

On the way back, our guide (who truly was darling) dropped a piquant personal anecdote. In the archaeological museum of Chapultepec Park, in Mexico City, she once saw an ancient toy animal—what kind I forget; a dog? a tapir? an armadillo?—*on wheels*. Functioning *wheels*! Fantastic, no?—that the Mayans should have had knowledge of the wheel and its locomotive possibilities after all: for toys, but not for their Brobdingnagian labors! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Between Russia and the West: Hungary and the Illusions of Peacemaking, 1945-1947, by Stephen D. Kertesz (Notre Dame, 320 pp., $20)

DURING THE last twenty years many books have been written about the transatlantic migration of the intellectuals who, fleeing from Hitler, came to the United States during the 1930s and early 1940s, many of whom enriched American cultural life and learning. Much less attention has been paid to the refugees from Soviet-occupied Europe during the late 1940s, of whom Professor Stephen Kertesz is one of the most distinguished. A former scholar of international law, then a diplomat and envoy, he resigned his important post in 1947, leaving his native Hungary and settling eventually at Notre Dame, where he has spent the last 35 years teaching and writing. In accord with his unusually consistent and honorable career, *Between Russia and the West*, published in the 81st year of his life, deserves a high degree of respect; but there is, for American readers, more to this book than another milestone in the distinguished career of a foreign-born scholar. This book—part memoir, part history, part political analysis—is an account of the tribulations of Hungary during the twilight years 1945 to 1947, when people could still entertain hopes of an eventual Soviet withdrawal from their country. For many reasons—and not only because of the Russians' presence and their malevolence—the room within which Hungarian statesmen, politicians, and diplomats could maneuver was extremely constricted. That men such as Kertesz failed was not their fault. Kertesz describes the one-sided, sloppy, and often dishonest procedures of the peace-treaty "negotiations" in Paris in 1946-47; but again, for American readers this is not where the main value of the book lies. What Professor Kertesz's judicious account provides is the very opposite of the usual view of American diplomacy during those years. This view is that American foreign policy reacted to the Soviet Union too hastily and too strongly, contributing thereby to the development of the cold war. The contrary is true. As late as 1946, Stalin was not quite sure what the United States would do. By the time American diplomacy, statesmanship, and public opinion began to react to the Soviet subjugation of certain portions of Eastern Europe—at first, with considerable hesitation—it was too late. I am not saying that the United States was in a position to butt the Russians out of Europe after they had won the war. Few Americans would have gone along with that. But, as George Kennan wrote in 1945, "We have consistently refused to make clear what our interests and our wish-

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es were. . . . We have refused to name any limit for Russian expansion and Russian responsibilities, thereby confusing the Russians and causing them constantly to wonder whether they are asking too little or whether it was some kind of a trap." Professor Kertesz cites this assessment—at that time an unusual one—approvingly, with every reason. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that he began his professional career as a judicial expert, a scholar of international law. His latest book is a model of calm and honest judgment.

JOHN LUKACS

The Temptation to Do Good, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper & Row, 152 pp., $14.50)

IN HIS OLD AGE, Peter Drucker has found himself a new hobby: writing novels. His second one, *The Temptation to Do Good*, is a tale of academic politics somewhat in the manner of Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* or Carlos Baker's *A Friend in Power*; it deals with the chain reaction of destructive gossip unleashed by Father Heinz Zimmerman, the president of St. Jerome University, who succumbs to "the temptation to do good" and grants an unwise favor to a spiteful faculty wife. This book is, at best, a novel by courtesy; devoid of any credible form of characterization, it reads more like one of those intricate case studies in upper-level management that Mr. Drucker passes out to his students at Claremont Graduate School than like a piece of fully imagined fiction. As long as you don't expect anything much in the way of conventionally "novelistic" qualities, though, *The Temptation to Do Good* will engage your mind just as fully and satisfyingly as *The Age of Discontinuity*, *Concept of the Corporation*, and *Adventures of a Bystander*. Mr. Drucker's subtle reflections on a Catholic university in crisis are worthy of the closest attention, even when inappropriately cast in the form of a novel.

TERRY TEACHOUT

RUSSELL

(Continued from page 32)

till tomorrow. I hear a cuckoo as I write.

So this is the end, on this terrace sloping down to the meadow, the chestnut trees in flower in the background, the warmth of the sun, two white butterflies following each other in spirals up and over the dandelions. Blackbirds and wagtails on the grass. This is the end, from that morning so long ago when I came downstairs to breakfast and Mother said, "England has declared war," and began to cry.

May 9, 1945

The first Armistice Day brought a spontaneous burst of wild enthusiasm, a delirium according to contemporary accounts. This time we are all willing to wait three days before being told we can start celebrating. We are still Confined to Barracks, but I sneaked out through the back hedge with my crutches and hooked a ride to Watford where I could catch the underground to London. Official V-E celebration! I got to London at seven—great crowds in Leicester Square and Piccadilly, a fair number of drunks, people in masks and queer paper hats and false noses, more civilians than I've seen in years. But no spontaneity, even with the crowd in front of Buckingham Palace, where they clustered and waited like sheep. They seemed happy, they wanted to make merry, and yet somehow they didn't know how. At Trafalgar Square someone would start a parade or dance, others would join in, and then it would peter out. Instead of fun there is petty meanness. A naval rating tried to steal my glengarry.

When the tube shelters were closed last week, a lot of people were turfed out who'd been coming there nights for five years and who still came when the danger was over because they liked the companionship—as one old woman said, "the people you meet there and the cup of tea at ten o'clock."

I walked back along the Mall to the Admiralty Arch, from the top of which someone was shooting off rather small-beer fireworks to the accompaniment of tremendous cheers. Trafalgar Square was floodlighted, people sitting in packed rows on the Nelson Monument, a searchlight shining full on them, one section being led in singing by a soldier naked to the waist who still had a necktie on. A sailor, his bell-bottoms rolled up to his thighs, had climbed into one of the fountains above the reflecting pools and was kicking water at the crowd. I saw a Royal Naval captain with a group of ratings and civilians beating an old refuse tin as if it were a drum.

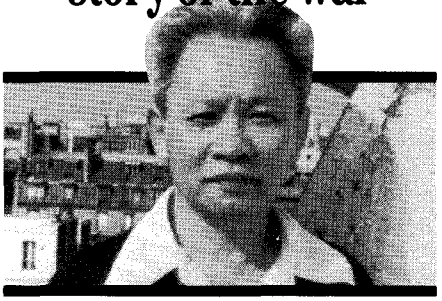
For V-E night the trains ran later. I got back to Watford about midnight, my plaster cast smashed to bits. Several dozen other ranks were already there, milling about aimlessly in hospital blues. Those bright blue suits and red neckties, meant to identify military patients, do just that. The hospital blues surrounded me. "How are we going to get back to the hospital?" they asked with that childlike helplessness the military somehow creates in men.

"Wait," I said. "I'll call Leavesden." In as peremptory a voice as I could muster I told the duty officer that I had rounded up several dozen Confined-to-Barracks hospital blues and was holding them until transport was sent. Half an hour later a lorry arrived. Fortunately no one asked me what I had been doing.

May 13, 1945

A quiet, clear evening on the terrace. A soldier and two girls are walking down the slope in front of me. The valley dips down, then the ground rises to a farmhouse. I can see a church spire above the trees. A Lancaster has just flown over—but to no more flaming Continental cities. At least I have survived. □

A Vietcong leader's story of the war



A VIETCONG MEMOIR

by Truong Nhu Tang

with David Chanoff and Doan Van Toai

This is the eye-opening account of the Vietnamese side of the war, written by the highest level Vietcong official to defect to the West. **"Powerful."** (*Booklist*). **"Beautifully written."** (*Washington Post*). **"Thoughtful and tragic."** (*Publishers Weekly*). With photographs. $17.95, at bookstores

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ON ANNIVERSARIES

NEW YORK, APRIL 29

THE HASSLE over the itinerary of Mr. Reagan when he journeys to Europe invites reflection on anniversaries and what they reveal.

Ten years after V-E Day, we had just finished telling the Soviet Union, our wartime ally, that we didn't give a damn what it thought about it, we were going to conclude a peace treaty with West Germany (our wartime enemy), which we proceeded to do. We had been intimate friends of Adenauer, the leader of West Germany, virtually from the beginning. We wrote some stiff laws—no Germans would be allowed to publish and circulate Nazi propaganda. We hanged a few criminals (and were a little unhappy about doing so, since there were jurists who said we were violating our own constitutional guarantees against ex post facto justice). At the other end of the world we also did a spot of hanging, but then propped up the same emperor with whose divine benediction the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and launched their ravenous war against Manchuria, China, the Philippines, and Southeast Asia. But a few years of Douglas MacArthur and we were the fastest of friends, and five years after V-J Day we were sending American troops to defend, to the death, the South Koreans and the Japanese, against Communist aggression from North Korea.

How much easier it is to reconcile oneself with countries one has defeated, than with countries that have defeated us. True, the Germans and the Japanese, though defeated, came around quickly, but that was because, in order to reconcile themselves with their own defeat, it was necessary that they should publicly abominate their older leaders. So that it was all but impossible, a year or two after the war's end, to find a German who professed veneration for Hitler, or a Japanese who professed veneration for Tojo. And so we became friends with people we had struggled so hard to kill, in a war that brought death to 55 million people.

But ten years after the Vietnam War, we do not recognize the government of Vietnam. And our own government has not changed: They are still Republicans in the White House, and Democrats running Congress, not Communists, or Maoists.

No one, on the tenth anniversary of the fall of South Vietnam, is suggesting that we have anything in common with the people who conquered South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—and, incidentally, the United States. Nor were we wrong in predicting what would happen if the North Vietnamese took over the South. Peter Berger, the sociologist and philosopher, has said resonantly that anyone who can't tell the difference between authoritarianism and totalitarianism could not tell the difference between Saigon and Ho Chi Minh City.

But the introspection to which we have been given, on this tenth anniversary of our defeat in Southeast Asia, devotes very little time—have you noticed?—to the awful betrayal of 1975. We no longer stood to lose American soldiers in 1975. They were long since gone. But Congress sat there. President Ford begged it to act. Congress all but laughed at the call to redeem the pledges we had so solemnly made to the South Vietnamese after—as well as before—the Paris Accords. The general fit of iconoclasm, brought on by the unpopular war and exacerbated by the apparent moral insouciance of Richard Nixon in the matter of Watergate, had coarsened our sensibilities. In 1973 we voted $2.3 billion in aid for South Vietnam's armed forces. In 1974, we cut the figure by half.

In 1975, by another third. Southeast Asia learned what it can mean to rely on the United States. And other countries have learned, though most of them have no alternative but to hope that the United States will live up to its obligations.

"Finally, however tragic the outcome," writes Professor John Roche, who served Lyndon Johnson during his Vietnam years, "I will argue to my dying day that this was the most idealistic war we have ever fought, fundamentally a war for an abstraction: the freedom of a bunch of unfamiliar Asians at the end of the world." How strange those sounds, which antedated the period during which the American intelligentsia, for the most part, persuaded itself that the Vietnam War was the high moment of immorality. But that high moment came not while we were fighting, but when we abandoned our wounded. For that reason the focus will be on Europe this season, not on Saigon, or Danang, or any cemetery in South Vietnam where the bones lie of men who trusted us. □

LIBERALISM BERSERK

NEW YORK, MAY 3

CAN YOU make any sense of it?

Forty years ago, after fighting a great war in which there were close to one million U.S. casualties, we defeated Hitler. We went on to sponsor, politically and economically, the democratic rebirth of one-half of the German state. The other half we let the Soviet Union take over, and it is today a state not significantly different from what it would have been if Hitler had continued to rule over it. There was no political vice practiced under Hitler that is not also practiced under the German proconsuls of Stalin and his successors. The genocide is muted, though the anti-Semitism is rife (at the commemoration of Buchenwald last month, Communist officials made no mention of the Jews as special victims of that camp). In various forms, Gulag continues. No one puts at under twenty million the victims of Gulag; others arrive at plausible figures as high as 65 million.

There has not been a revival of Nazi sentiment in West Germany, and explicit pro-Nazism there is at the crank level, the equivalent of Ku Klux Klan activities in

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the United States. And yet there is a national furor over an American President, at the beckoning of a Christian Democratic West German chancellor, visiting a military graveyard containing the bodies of German soldiers, 3 per cent of whom were members of the SS. Two things are significant about Hitler and his death camps. The first is that Hitler was Hitler—reminding us of the long reach of human perversity. The second is that by an act of sacrifice and will, we stopped Hitler.

Now although there is no revival of Hitlerism in Germany, there is Hitlerism abounding elsewhere, except that it goes by another name: Communism. At this moment, the Soviet state is enforcing its will on the Afghan people by the use of Hitlerian/Stalinist methods: torture, genocide, starvation, the use even of chemical warfare. Minor efforts by neighboring Pakistan to provide refuge for some of Gorbachev's victims are met by direct threats against Pakistan by the Soviet Union. The United States Government does little to help Afghanistan, and whatever we do, we do apologetically.

Meanwhile, in Nicaragua, the same people who gave us Castro in Cuba, and who pursue and kill Afghans who wish to be free, strike their salient. And the House of Representatives denies the motion to help that little band of dissidents who wish to contain the rising Hitlerism in their midst. So that at the same moment that we despise Reagan for consenting to visit an un-de-Nazified military cemetery of men dead forty years, we decline to help men still alive, whose days are probably numbered: in Afghanistan, and in Nicaragua. Charles Krauthammer says in *Time* magazine, in protesting the visit to Bitburg: Can't we understand that Hitler's was a criminal state? Yes, we can understand that. But Hitler's state is dead, and another criminal state is very much alive, and against it there is no animus being fed by establishmentarian American moralists. They are too busy protesting the policies of South Africa. These are abominable. But South Africa would need to import East Germans to show it how to build a wall around its frontiers to keep black immigration down to controllable levels.

One month ago, an American officer doing routine things was shot dead by a Soviet soldier in East Germany. We got the opposite of an apology. The Soviets have said that it might well happen again, it was right that it did happen, and no reparations would be forthcoming. A year and a half ago the same government shot down an unarmed passenger plane, killing 269 people in cold blood: followed only by wild charges that the Korean airliner was a U.S. spy plane. That government continues to rule over Eastern Europe, and to press its aggressions against countries as far from one end of Moscow as Nicaragua, as far from the other end of Moscow as Cambodia. The same American congressmen and senators who gasp for air in protest against the morally asphyxiative agreement by Reagan to make a gesture as far removed from overtones of forgiveness for those responsible for the Holocaust as a visit to a Civil War cemetery in the South is removed from an endorsement of slavery blithely ignore the pleas of what one might call Nicaraguan Jews, asking for help in their struggle to prevent the rise of Hitlerism in their midst. Some dare call this moral idiocy. □

INVITE A COMMUNIST?

NEW YORK, APRIL 26

A FLASHBACK. It's the fall of 1962, and the young president of the Yale Political Union, who is now a United States senator from Oklahoma, invites me to address the union as a part of a series of speakers, one of whom is Gus Hall, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States. I replied to young David Boren that I do not accept engagements in series that include Communists, but that I would agree to speak on the motion, "Resolved, That a Communist should not be invited to speak." If the house voted in favor of my motion, then the invitation to Hall would be withdrawn.

In addressing the students, I recalled that a few weeks earlier President John Meng of Hunter College in New York had been confronted with the news that the student political assembly at Hunter had invited both a Communist official—the same Gus Hall—and a Nazi—George Lincoln Rockwell, the self-styled "Commander of the American Nazi Party." Meng addressed a letter to the student body in which he said that he would not interfere with their right to invite whomsoever they chose, but that "to accord these undistinguished visitors anything more demonstrative than a shudder of polite disgust would be to attribute to their presence a totally fictitious importance." He then called on the faculty of Hunter to join with him in making an appropriate demonstration on the day that Rockwell or Hall arrived: Faculty and students would remove to a synagogue to participate in a memorial service for victims of Nazism and Communism.

So: I asked the student assembly, which would vote on whether to reaffirm the invitation to the Communist, whether they expected to hear anything from him they did not already know. Communists in America, whether native or Soviet, "come to recapitulate their dogmas, to press their drive to co-opt the moral slogans of the West, and to practice the science of confusion." I conceded that Communists are fit objects of intellectual curiosity, but only for practicing sociologists or psychologists who inquire into the darker mysteries of the human temperament. Political assemblies aren't psychological clinics.

"And yet," I said, "they are human beings." And few of us are practiced at giving that "shudder of polite disgust" recommended by President Meng. How then do you treat a Communist who has been invited? "You may jeer him; some of you may treat him with that terrible coldness that is the sign of the intellectual foreknowledge that you cannot, at your level of attainment, take seriously the man who speaks and works for a kingdom which it is the very purpose of your education to know to despise. Why then bring him here, if no purpose can be served and if it can only result that you will humiliate yourself and him?"

And I concluded: "Fight him, fight the tyrants everywhere; but do not ask them to your quarters, merely to spit on them, and do not ask them to your quarters if you cannot spit on them. To do the one is to ambush a human being as one might a rabid dog; to do the other is to ambush yourself . . . into breaking faith with humanity."

The other night, on *Nightline*, Ted Koppel had on (yet again) a Communist functionary, one Alexander Palladin, the Washington bureau chief of *Izvestia*, Moscow's so-called newspaper. He uttered the usual lies, about how Soviet foreign policy under Gorbachev would continue to pursue the traditional Soviet goals of peace and coexistence. I said we were listening to the usual lies. Koppel said, Please, let's not get into extraneous issues. I said, But I'm not; the fact that he is lying is intrinsic to the whole matter of the discussions in Geneva. The producer whispered into my earpiece that I should interrupt the Communist. I did so. And, in doing so, affronted a million listeners who wondered why I interrupted him, when he didn't interrupt me. The Communist said he wasn't on the show to be slandered. I said to speak the truth is not to slander. And in about eight minutes, the whole stupid exchange was over.

And I thought back to that day 22 years ago when I succeeded in persuading the students of Yale to withdraw their invitation to the Communist speaker. And kicked myself for ignoring my own advice, and resolved to make a public pledge, which is here made, in your presence: I shall never again, so long as I live, accept an invitation to appear on a program with a Communist. I don't want to humiliate a human being, or to be humiliated by pretending to treat him as a human being rather than as a functionary of slavemasters. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

PRETTY ATLANTA PEACH, 38, well-preserved, social worker, seeks companionship of energetic man who appreciates WFB, George Will, long walks, good talks, and lox. Write NR Box 4092.

SINGLE NYC MAN, 38, loyal, idealistic, hardworking (M.D.), yet playful and nice-looking, with strong interest in literature and movies, seeks woman counterpart for best friendship, then marriage. Write NR Box 4087.

ATTRACTIVE, AMIABLE New Jersey female likes tennis, skiing, music, theater, and art; wishes to share life's vicissitudes with Catholic male 38–45. Write NR Box 4088.

NEW JERSEY MAN, 31, professional, never married, family values, seeks Catholic, college-educated lady, 22–30. Interests include running, baseball, and politics. Write NR Box 4078.

TALL CATHOLIC MAN, 31, quiet, considerate, enjoys reading, running, rock, reggae, and conversations about history and current events, seeks physically active, educated woman, 25–35, with similar interests, in Northern New Jersey or Southern New York. Write NR Box 4091.

HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT NYC-AREA male, 28, enjoys music, theater, art, sports, travel, Italian food, the ocean, and romance. Seeks honest, intelligent, sensitive, and attractive woman to share same. Write NR Box 4090.

WANTED FOR ROMANCE: Health- and family-oriented intellectual Catholic woman, 22–30. I'm a research mathematician, 33, who enjoys the arts, adventure, athletics, and *NR*. Write: #2M, 8332 Regents Road, San Diego, Calif. 93122.

GREEN-EYED, SUCCESSFUL Southwestern artist, 42, a vivacious Phi Beta Kappa, seeks Renaissance man of integrity, humor, and fire. Write NR Box 4076.

28-YEAR-OLD MALE, handsome, well-educated management consultant. Interested in politics, travel, foreign culture, P. G. Wodehouse, art, sports. Would like to meet attractive intelligent woman in Boston area for serious relationship. Write NR Box 4089.

CLASSY, VIVACIOUS Connecticut lady, 50, ex-New Yorker, seeks spirited, adventurous gentleman who enjoys NYC and its museums, concerts, theater, and stimulating conversation. Write NR Box 4081.

HAPPY CATHOLIC MAN, 32, 6'1", interested in writing, wine, travel, dancing, politics, economics, wisdom, humor, and (axiomatically) WFB & Co. Would like to settle down with a wife and family. Please write: #5, 908 Fifth Street, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS green-eyed brunette, Irish-born naturalized American. Interests: books, politics, travel, psychology, dining, writing. Seeks serious, humorous conservative gentleman, 40+, L.A. area. Write NR Box 4038.

N.Y. PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36, 6', blue-eyed, sensitive, energetic, handsome, conservative, athletic. Loves skiing, opera, classical music, dining out, and walks on the beach. Seeks sincere female. Write NR Box 4083.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY programmer, 38, enjoys indoors, outdoors, The Doors; seeks intelligent, athletic, nonsmoking female young enough for family. Photo. Write NR Box 4071.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Our seventh President (full name)
112 89 199 60 4 196 156 161 74 131
26 17 182

B. County in northwestern England
134 143 113 167 44 155 202 192 70 10

C. A kind of school
111 171 32 82 66 160 142 130 14 46

D. Hatred of foreigners
187 93 43 24 104 204 8 53 122 151

E. Forceful
136 101 144 183 65 25 40 193 117

F. City in central Tennessee
208 168 127 12 181 99 162 55 138

G. One who vilifies Old MacDonald's equipment?
33 63 201 149 20 189 177 83 97

H. Give license to
133 146 16 59 184 90 159

I. Correction
18 188 49 37 172 79 145 110 98 57
205 1 73

J. A species' "living space"
62 88 119 166 96 154 47

K. Utterly repugnant
102 169 116 200 41 84 75 23 150

L. Wound
54 94 139 190 36 124

M. Two islands of the West Indies
209 158 108 114 72 45 13 140 128 27

N. Gossip (hyph.)
180 64 165 3 51 105 191 118 78 19
135 39

O. Southern social forte
178 126 9 147 163 95 42 28 207 115
58

P. Understanding between two governments
194 152 61 186 109 31 85

Q. Babies do this
123 86 69 153 197 22

R. The only acceptable kind of arms treaty
87 203 21 48 2 170 106 76 121 179

S. Potential 51st state (2 words)
68 77 15 206 173 157 137 56 92 35

T. Device for raising or lowering the light
81 7 29 176 141 125 52 100

U. Money held by a third party
129 195 30 107 80 11

V. Good nickname for a base-stealer
185 132 71 34 6 174

W. Member of a jazz band
164 50 67 148 103 38 198 5 120 91
175

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 R	3 N	4 A	5 W	■	6 V	7 T	8 D	9 O	10 B	■	11 U	12 F	13 M	■	14 C	15 S	16 H	17 A
18 I	19 N	■	20 G	21 R	22 Q	■	23 K	24 D	25 E	■	26 A	27 M	28 O	29 T	30 U	31 P	32 C	33 G	■
34 V	35 S	36 L	■	37 I	38 W	39 N	40 E	41 K	■	42 O	43 D	44 B	45 M	46 C	47 J	48 R	49 I	50 W	51 N
■	52 T	53 D	54 L	55 F	56 S	57 I	58 O	■	59 H	60 A	■	61 P	62 J	63 G	64 N	65 E	■	66 C	67 W
68 S	69 Q	70 B	71 V	72 M	73 I	74 A	75 K	■	76 R	77 S	78 N	■	79 I	80 U	81 T	■	82 C	83 G	84 K
85 P	■	86 Q	87 R	88 J	89 A	90 H	91 W	92 S	93 D	94 L	95 O	■	96 J	97 G	98 I	99 F	100T	101E	■
102K	103W	104D	105N	106R	107U	108M	109P	110I	111C	■	112A	113B	114M	■	115O	116K	117E	■	118N
119J	120W	121R	122D	123Q	124L	■	125T	126O	■	127F	128M	129U	130C	131A	■	132V	133H	134B	135N
■	136E	137S	138F	■	139L	140M	141T	142C	■	143B	144E	■	145I	146H	147O	148W	149G	150K	151D
152P	153Q	■	154J	155B	■	156A	157S	158M	159H	160C	161A	162F	163O	164W	165N	166J	167B	■	168F
169K	170R	171C	172I	173S	174V	■	175W	176T	■	177G	178O	179R	■	180N	181F	■	182A	183E	184H
185V	■	186P	187D	188I	189G	190L	191N	192B	193E	194P	195U	■	196A	197Q	198W	■	199A	200K	■
201G	202B	203R	■	204D	205I	206S	207O	208F	209M	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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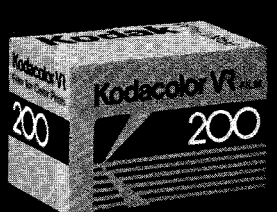

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